


JULY 16, 1984

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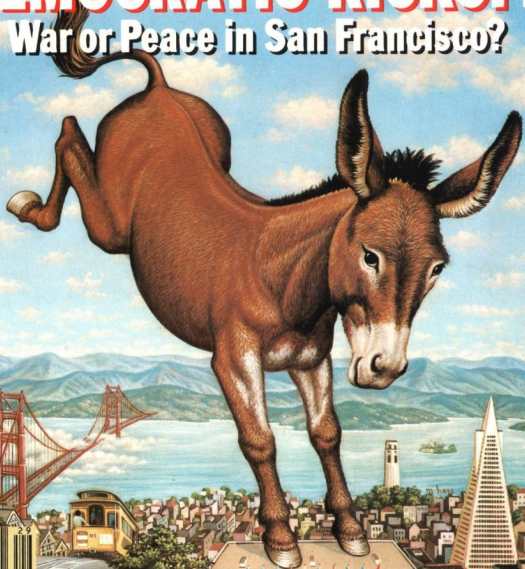
TIME

DEMOCRATIC KICKOFF

War or Peace in San Francisco?

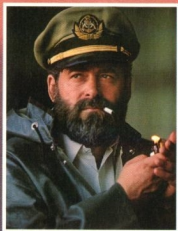


WONDRIOUS MICHAEL
The Jackson Show
Hits the Road



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COVER: Divided and uncertain, the Democrats gird for San Francisco 10

Walter Mondale should be resting up for the fall campaign and pondering his choice of running mate, but instead he scrambles to soothe Jesse Jackson and the feisty women's groups. Meanwhile, his poll standing dips to new lows. Mondale may be the last hurrah of the old liberalism, as a new generation of Democrats gropes for a vision for the party. See NATION.



NATION: In a merry and relaxed mood, Americans enjoy an old-time birthday 6

From Massachusetts to California, unusually large crowds join Fourth of July celebrations. Amid songs and fireworks, there are signs of a healing confidence in the American ideal. ▶ Ronald Reagan and George Shultz work to convince Moscow that the U.S. would really like to meet with the U.S.S.R. in Vienna. ▶ A mini-tempest arises over a new post for Anne Burford.



SHOW BUSINESS: Amid controversy, the Jacksons unveil an extravaganza 64

The brothers' eagerly awaited Victory Tour seemed threatened by disorganization, fan resentment over ticket policies and a bad press. But when they opened at Kansas City's Arrowhead Stadium last Friday night—with Michael spinning, prancing and soaring in the lead—it looked as if they could blow those troubles away with whiz-bang showmanship.



38 World

Two friends in Central America express growing concern about the U.S. military presence. ▶ British authorities pry open two crates destined for Nigeria and find four men inside, including a kidnapped former Nigerian government minister. ▶ Indira Gandhi cracks down hard in Kashmir. ▶ Thousands in Mozambique starve.

48 Economy & Business

Americans are buying cars with pep and pizzazz. ▶ Warner sells Atari to a former rival. ▶ Air Florida grounds its jets.

61 Sport

At Wimbledon, Martina Navratilova proves again that she is the best woman tennis player of her time, and perhaps of all time.

54 Environment

The destruction of 400,000 possibly diseased pigs is a disaster for Haitian peasants. ▶ Old Faithful turns faithless.

68 Books

Muriel Spark wittily updates the trials of Job in *The Only Problem*; Jayne Anne Phillips' *Machine Dreams* is a dazzling debut.

57 Law

The Supreme Court finally allows a "good faith" exception to the ban on using illegally seized evidence in criminal trials.

71 Cinema

Two new movies for children offer non-violent pleasures that may be better appreciated by concerned adults.

2 Letters 60 People 62 Theater 72 Press 72 Milestones

Cover:
Illustration by
Mark Hess

Letters

Kremlin Architect

To the Editors:

Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko's hard line [WORLD, June 25] is a defensive response to the realization that most of the world now sees the Soviets for what they are. Their government denies freedoms to its people and invades its neighbors. If the West can bide its time and avoid a nuclear confrontation, the Soviet government will eventually collapse from its own deadweight.

Doug Wittmer
Topeka, Kans.

As superpowers, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. have the responsibility to set an example for the rest of the world. If these two countries would start cooperating, then most of humanity's problems could be solved. If not, then we have no one to blame but ourselves for the consequences.

Kenneth M. McAuliffe
LaGrange, Ky.



In such grave times, it is surely worth it for Reagan and Chernenko to meet "just to get acquainted." They will inevitably gain some confidence that one of them is not so maniacal as to launch a surprise attack. If and when the missiles fly, the overwhelming chances are that it will be in response to some mistaken warning or miscalculation. As we are taking our last breath, each President will probably be thinking the other started it.

Jim Terr
Las Vegas, N. Mex.

Gromyko is the world's most powerful man. He makes Soviet foreign policy that will determine the earthly destiny of all of us.

James C. Dean
Tulalasee, Ala.

If we achieve an accord with the Soviets on arms reduction, how can we possibly trust them? Their closed society will not permit on-site inspection. Even with our most sophisticated satellite photogra-

phy, there is no way we can ever be sure how many launchers, missiles or warheads are arrayed against us.

Harold Feeney
Commander, U.S.N. (ret.)
Corpus Christi, Texas

Détente never amounted to anything more than U.S. appeasement of the Soviet Union.

David E. Wilke
Chicago

The Soviets will show a preference for any major candidate opposing Reagan for President in 1984. They will also let it be known that they will return to arms talks and ameliorate their tough stance toward the U.S. if Reagan is defeated.

John M. Regan
San Mateo, Calif.

PG-13 Outcry

I think that the Motion Picture Association of America is right in wanting to create a PG-13 [SHOW BUSINESS, June 25]. I am 15 and was not shaken by the violence in *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*, but three or four years ago, I would not have been able to stand some of the scenes. The age for the new rating should be not 13 but ten or eleven. While the age limit for some R-rated films should be lowered to 15 or 16, all the conflict is unnecessary now. By the time they are twelve, young children are exposed to nudity, violence and foul language because movie channels frequently show R-rated films on TV.

Justin B. Smith
Alexandria, Va.

Jack Valenti asks, "Who is smart enough to say what is permissible for a 13-year-old and not for a twelve-year-old?" The answer is: Those who are smart enough to decide that 16-year-olds can drive and 15-year-olds cannot, that 18-year-olds can vote and 17-year-olds cannot, that 21-year-olds can drink and 20-year-olds cannot.

Christopher Park
Littleton, Colo.

Considering a Woman

The letters in response to the suggestion of a woman as Vice President are wonderful [LETTERS, June 25]. They keep one abreast of current feeling without reducing one to tears of frustration. In my heart I know these are the people I have to deal with in my own struggle as a feminist, but the sexist letters are funny and not painful.

Beatrice Pasternak
New York City

Women are emotional? Tell that to Astronaut Sally Ride. Women lack objectivity? Tell that to Justice Sandra Day O'Connor. Women are unaware of the ex-

agencies of life? Address that assertion to the millions of American women who are struggling alone to support their families.

Beverly Beaudrot
Atlanta

The extremely sexist and basically childish remarks about the possibility of a woman Vice President were appalling. Sadly, America is only now at the point where we are "considering" a woman.

Rhona Gibson
Littleton, Mass.

Sentimental Swish

The Boston Celtics won the N.B.A. championship [SPORT, June 25]. While it is agreed that the Lakers had the talent in individuals, the Celtics played as a team. The Celtics have a lot of heart, which was somehow misconstrued in Los Angeles and in your article as arrogance. In Boston, it is called "Celtic pride."

James V. Terlizzi III
Ipswich, Mass.

I protest the comment that "no city cheers a white star more enthusiastically than Boston." Boston is proud of all the Celtics. The fans appreciate the talents of many opposing players. Remember the standing ovation for Kareem Abdul-Jabbar?

Maryann Fidler
Norwood, Mass.

I was dismayed to see your writer turn the Celtic triumph into a sentimental lament for what could have been: a youthful and leaping Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, an impeccable Magic Johnson.

Hugh R. Brown
Savannah, Ga.

Wanted: Alien Rights

I am a legal alien working in the U.S. [NATION, June 25], paying taxes as any citizen does. On April 15 I received labor certification, making me eligible to apply for permanent resident status. However, there is no quota available, and I may not be able to remain. What good is it to be a legal alien? I like this country and am as eager to be here as illegal aliens are. Do I have to be illegal in order to stay?

Yuen-sun Ng
Minneapolis

The U.S. should not tolerate illegal aliens from any country. They can only add to crowding, disease and crime. We have always felt it our duty to save the world. It is time to stop baby-sitting and start working on our own problems.

Christopher B. Masure
Sanford, Me.

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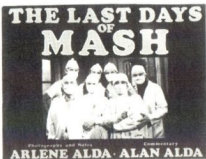
The 733i, in short, is an automobile in which nothing has been left to chance, in which luxury is the result of—rather than a substitute for—genuinely superior design and craftsmanship.

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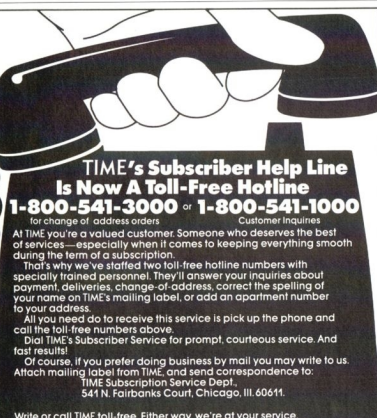
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A Letter from the Publisher

This summer the journalistic demands of two political conventions plus a Summer Olympics have placed extraordinary logistical claims on the TIME staff members responsible for housing, food, transportation, security and working conditions in San Francisco, Dallas and Los Angeles. Time Inc.'s contingent at next week's Democratic National Convention will consist of more than 160 people, including 17 correspondents, 16 photographers, 20 editors, writers and reporter-researchers from TIME's Nation section, and even 21 messengers for copy and film. Says R. Edward Jackson, deputy chief of correspondents, who is in overall charge of convention arrangements: "San Francisco is, after all, one of the most hospitable cities in the world. Who wouldn't want to spend a July week there?" Jackson has made three visits to San Francisco to talk with convention planners and city officials about TIME's needs, and one so far to the Republican host city, Dallas.

Washington Bureau Office Manager Emily Friedrich has served as a general coordinator of the San Francisco operation, negotiating TIME's space at the Moscone Center convention site and arranging the venue for the 1,200-guest party that Time Inc. Editor in Chief Henry Grunwald and the editors of TIME will give on the eve of the convention.

For the News Service's Suzanne Davis, top priority was the



Davis, Friedrich and Stewart at Moscone Center

creation "from paper clips to computers" of three workplaces: one at the Moscone Center; the second, for processing film, at a nearby photo lab; and the third under the chandeliers of the San Francisco Hilton's Imperial Ballroom. The hotel facility will contain much of the equipment of a large news bureau, plus that of our New York wireroom, including sophisticated transmission computers and phone systems. So far, Housing Coordinator Pamela Thompson has reserved 162 rooms in nine different hotels in the Bay Area; the Nation-section staff will commute to the convention by ferry from Sausalito.

While San Francisco Bureau Chief Michael Moritz and Correspondent Dick Thompson were reporting this week's cover stories on the city, on-scene preparations for TIME's convention coverage were being made by Olivia Stewart, a former bureau secretary who has returned to take up such duties as renting a fleet of 25 cars to transport people, film and copy through the jammed streets. To serve as drivers, she has recruited off-duty fire fighters. Says she: "They know the city and how to get around it fast better than almost anyone." Her opinion may be a bit biased: the fire-fighter driver pool includes her husband Gregory.

John A. Meyer

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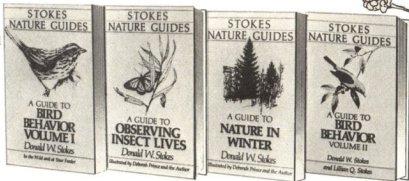
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LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY

Nation

TIME/JULY 16, 1984

Happy Birthday To Us!

America celebrates the Fourth from sea to shining sea

It is the high holy day of the American idea. It is also a beer bust. The Fourth is that odd American mixture of patriotic fervor and bleary ease, of sunburn and a deeper stirring. The Founders adopted the Declaration of Independence in July and not in February (imagine sending fireworks up in a snowstorm), and so the national birthday is both the nation's most powerful rite of communal identity and merely the lazy and unreflective beginning of high summer.

But this year the Fourth was different. The fireworks seemed more brilliant, the crowds denser and more celebratory. Americans' sense of pride in their nation seemed clearer and surer than it has in a long time. This year the fireworks appeared to suggest a large and complicated and real sense of shared pleasure in the nation and what it represents. They shot up over New York harbor and the Washington Monument and Boston and Philadelphia and Chicago and St. Louis and San Francisco and thousands of town squares and picnic grounds across the nation. The projectiles fired up and burst in the black summer night—magic bright sprays that looked like sudden sea anemones or supernovas, loud and martial with concussions, but fleeting and delicate. Eugene O'Neill once wrote about "the electrical display of God the Father." The fireworks of the Fourth were an explosive display of congratulation to America the idea.

Anyway, Americans were in the mood for a good party. A cynic would say that patriotism is an impulse that consults the economic indicators, and he would be partly right. Americans are more hopeful about their economic futures now, or so the polls say, than they have been in the past five years. What politicians refer to as the Misery Index (unemployment plus inflation) is down 10 points since 1980. The rate of economic growth is high (a breathtaking 8.8% in the first quarter of the year). Many shadows remain over the economy, over Central America, over the Middle East. Nuclear war is a low-grade chronic dread in the back of the mind. Soviet churlishness a high-grade pain in the neck. And yet some deep though elusive process of healing seems to have occurred over a period of years in the American psychology, and the Fourth of July, 1984, may have been one more expression of it.

Americans are in some ways a uniquely self-conscious people. If they do not feel good about themselves, they feel awful about themselves. America becomes Amerika, evil in the world, or else an overgrown incompetent. But perhaps Americans have developed a more mature appreciation of themselves. They exhibited last week something of the sweet, intense idealism that they have



New York City's fireworks, with the World Trade Center and the scaffolded





Statue of Liberty in the background; the Beach Boys concert on the Mall; the *Bounty* with its escort in the Pacific flotilla



BEACH BOYS
STATUE OF LIBERTY — ARNOLD LUTSON





PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD



The celebrations in Washington and in downtown Boston; below, the Statue of Liberty's head during the fireworks

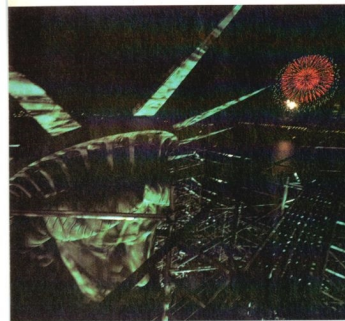


PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

demonstrated as the Olympic torch has made its way across the U.S. to Los Angeles, and some of the mellowed fervor that they felt on Memorial Day when an Unknown from the Viet Nam War was installed at Arlington National Cemetery. Patriotism seemed finally to transcend politics: the flag wavers last week were Mondale Democrats and Reagan Republicans and political agnostics.

Everywhere the crowds were large—partly because the Fourth fell in the middle of the week and people did not disperse as they often do for a long holiday weekend. In Boston, which takes a sort of proprietary interest in the Fourth of July, 175,000 came down to the Charles River to hear the annual Boston Pops concert. One part of the program involved a patriotic sing-along, and the evening air filled with thousands of voices belting out *You're a Grand Old Flag* and *This Land Is Your Land*.

Huge crowds gathered along Manhattan's riverfronts; they could take their choice of spectacles in a gaudy fireworks double-header. Workmen removed the weathered torch from the Statue of Liberty and lowered it to the ground. After 98 years, the beacon is being replaced by a gold-plated replica, part of the refurbishment of the entire statue.

There was about the whole holiday a good-humored air, an absence of malice or anger. Last year Secretary of the Interior James Watt banned a concert by the Beach Boys that had been scheduled for the Fourth on the Mall. He said the Beach Boys would attract "the wrong element." Watt brought on Wayne Newton instead. Now Watt is gone, but not the Beach Boys. They came to the Mall last week and played to an astonishing audience



The "living flag" created by the Whitesburg Baptist Church in Huntsville, Ala.; below, detaching Liberty's torch for replacement

TONY TRILO

of 550,000, who arrayed themselves peacefully on the grass in what one reporter called "human gridlock." Beach Boy Mike Love greeted them giddily as "all you undesirable elements."

In Huntsville, Ala., the Whitesburg Baptist Church presented its "living flag." The "flag" is a 27-ft. by 40-ft. version of Old Glory with 110 singers mounted on the stripes. They offer a capsule history of the U.S., accompanied by shooting rockets.

The ritual of the Fourth went on across the U.S. In Detroit, 500 immigrants raised their right hands and took the oath of citizenship. Small-town America had band concerts and fried-chicken dinners and parades down Main Street. Clay Center, Kans., held an omelet feed in the courthouse square.

One of the most splendid of the Fourth's events was a parade of 32 tall ships down the California coast from Manhattan Beach to Long Beach harbor. Some 5,000 private boats escorted the ships, which included Producer Dino De Laurentiis' replica of H.M.S. *Bounty*. The flotilla was a mile long. More than 1 million people lined the coast to watch it pass, and as it did, an eerie, reverential hush settled upon the crowds.

Even the weariness and the traffic jams going home had their ceremonial purpose. A Norman Rockwell episode—stalled Studebaker, sleeping children, fuming father, wilted wife. The Fourth is a day when people in a changing nation full of new immigrants and new ways consult their past a little—their public past and private memories, their idealism and sentimentality. The Fourth is a way of floating briefly on an inner tube in the nation's sacred time.

—By Lance Morrow

SAR CORNELL





Ready for prime time: Mondale's spirits soar with the balloons after a speech to the National Education Association in Minneapolis

DIANNA WALKER

COVER STORIES

Aiming for a Good Show

The Democrats hope to make love not war when they convene in San Francisco

CONVENTION



It should be a heady, optimistic time for Walter Mondale. The bitter and exhausting primary campaign is a fading memory, and his coronation as Democratic presidential nominee is at hand. It is his golden chance to get the drive against Ronald Reagan off to a rousing start by performing crisply some of the normally pleasant rituals of leadership: selecting a running mate, pulling the party together for the fall campaign, writing the script for the convention that next week will surely hand him the nomination he has so long sought.

Yet somehow the preconvention period has turned into a time of pressure and worry in the Mondale camp. There is pressure from feminists to choose a woman as his vice-presidential candidate, which threatens to put him in a damned-if-he-does-and-damned-if-he-doesn't dilemma. And there is tension over the still uncertain prospects of striking a deal with Jesse Jackson that would avoid both a disruptive convention battle and any appearance that Mondale had surrendered principle for the sake of party peace.

Worst of all, perhaps, the latest polls show Mondale badly losing ground with the voters while attempting to steer between these minefields. Gallup now finds the former Vice President running

19 points behind Reagan, a gap more than twice as wide as the one that existed a month ago, when Mondale became the all but official Democratic nominee. A New York Times/CBS News poll puts the current Reagan lead at 15 points. Surveys this early in the campaign are no reliable guide to the outcome in November, but senior Democratic leaders are concerned. The polls, says one, "mean that since the end of the primaries to today, Walter Mondale has only turned off more people."

There were signs, though, that the approach of the convention was beginning to concentrate Democrats' minds on the campaign against Reagan rather than on their internal quarrels. Twenty-three female Democratic leaders visited Mondale in Minnesota and down-played the threat the National Organization of Women had made the weekend before to stage a floor fight for a woman vice-presidential candidate. NOW's president, Judy Goldsmith, stressed that nomination of a woman from the floor would be "a last resort." Mondale soothingly commented: "I understand . . . that's politics."

Jackson met with Mondale in Kansas City, where both had gone to address the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and at a press conference afterward the two leaders were no more than stiffly correct. Jackson sounded ambiguously conciliatory. He

spoke both of "matters yet unresolved" and of "a time to cooperate." He pledged "a lively convention" but added, "Every debate does not mean division." The Mondale camp's hopeful interpretation: While Jackson's forces will wage floor fights in support of four amendments to the party platform, there is a strong chance that the battles will be conducted without great heat and that Jackson will urge his legions of black followers to vote for the ticket in November.

None of this means that Mondale's problems in organizing the convention are necessarily over. He still risks giving the appearance of having caved in to feminist pressure if he chooses a woman vice-presidential candidate, or of grievously disappointing many of his female followers if he does not. Until the convention is over, Mondale's backers will be nervous about what the mercurial Jackson might do; even if Jackson does climb aboard the Mondale bandwagon, he might turn out to be more of a liability than an asset on the campaign trail.

The Democrats were working feverishly to make sure they put on a ringing rather than a raucous show once the convention opens in San Francisco next Monday night. For the first time in three decades they will not be assured gavel-to-gavel coverage on network TV. All three

networks are abandoning their traditional formats for a mixture of live action and taped highlights in segments of varying length. On some nights, portions of the proceedings on one network may be competing against entertainment programming on another. Similar arrangements will be in effect for the Republican Convention in Dallas in August. The networks' reasoning is simple: gavel-to-gavel coverage is very expensive, and the number of viewers it attracts, in the words of NBC Anchor Tom Brokaw, "has been diminishing and diminishing."

Mondale's forces have tentatively lined up a parade of some of the party's best speakers to stir up interest. Monday night, after the opening ceremonies, New York Governor Mario Cuomo will deliver the keynote address. Cuomo has a reputation for thoughtful as well as polished oratory; he is a New Deal liberal who appeals to old-fashioned family values.

Tuesday come the platform debates, five in all. Jackson's forces will offer minority planks calling for the U.S. to adopt a "no first use" policy on nuclear weapons, cut defense spending sharply, commit itself to enforce affirmative-action goals in the hiring of minorities, and end the second, or runoff, primaries used in ten states when no candidate wins a majority of the vote. (Jackson argues that runoffs are discriminatory because blacks have a better chance of winning a plurality in a multicandidate field than outpolling a white in a head-to-head race.) Gary Hart, who commands roughly 1,250 of the 3,933 delegates and is still under consideration for the second spot on the ticket, will push a plan advocating that the nation seek remedies other than the use of military force to resolve international conflicts; he will specifically mention the Persian Gulf. That will renew a primary debate in which Mondale successfully argued that the use of force, while never desirable, is sometimes unavoidable.

Convention planners are allowing roughly an hour for the debate and vote on each of the five minority planks, which are all virtually certain to be defeated. The planners' hope is to get all the controversy settled in an atmosphere of reasonable civility before Jackson mounts the podium on Tuesday night to deliver what is certain to be a rousing and rhythmic speech. The occasion will serve as a rare prime-time showcase for the free-free Jacksonian oratory that stirred predominantly black audiences to near frenzy during the primary campaign.

On Wednesday night, the featured speaker is Edward Kennedy, who may place Mondale's name in nomination. The Massachusetts Senator is an inconsistent orator, but he can soar when the spirit moves him. Indeed, one of Mondale's minor problems is that his own acceptance speech Thursday night might sound a bit tame after the performances of Cuomo, Jackson and Kennedy. Mondale may ask a woman to introduce him, especially if he has chosen a male running mate and needs a show of solidarity from the women who



On the podium with NOW's Goldsmith: Damned if he does and damned if he doesn't?

will constitute slightly fewer than half of all the convention delegates.

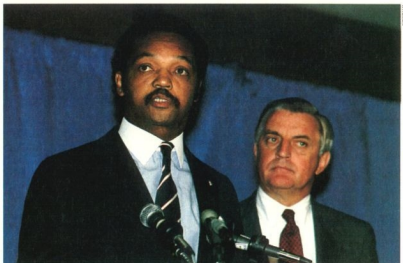
Some of the most intriguing TV pictures, however, are likely to be flashed from outside the fortress-like George R. Moscone Convention Center.* Street demonstrations are an unofficial part of any national convention, and in San Francisco every kind of group from Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority to advocates of legalized marijuana seems to be planning a rally of some sort.

The big parades are scheduled for Sunday, when most delegates and reporters are arriving. Police expect 100,000 homosexuals to join a march from the Castro Street gay neighborhood to the Moscone Center, and an equal number of labor demonstrators to

*Named for the mayor who was shot and killed by former Supervisor Dan White in 1978.

parade along Market Street to an AFL-CIO rally. Fortunately, the routes of the two groups will not cross. Police have set aside four acres of a parking lot across the street from the main entrance to the center, and 25 groups, ranging from the Marijuana Initiative to anti-Reagan rock musicians, have filed to use it more or less continuously. Even the Ku Klux Klan is said to be planning a demonstration.

Security will be tight for the roughly 5,300 delegates and alternates (who will be heavily outnumbered by the 12,000 print and TV journalists expected to attend). Delegates will be escorted by the California Highway Patrol from San Francisco International Airport to their hotels, and they will be hauled to the Moscone Center aboard buses. Inside the mostly underground and mostly windowless center, the delegates will be under watchful eyes too. Taking no chances on a



Listening to Jesse Jackson's summary of their two-hour meeting: ambiguous conciliation
The preacher, says one Mondale strategist, "is still the No. 1 problem."

Nation

surprise insurrection, the Mondale forces plan to put a staggering total of 600 to 700 whips on the floor, each relaying the word from Mondale headquarters to a handful of delegates.

Mondale's backers are counting on the convention hoopla, which will be led by hundreds of delegates from organized labor, to give their boss a badly needed boost in the opinion polls. Says one Democratic National Committee official: "We have a real opportunity to bring Mondale within five points of Reagan after the convention." That may be wishful thinking, but a well-managed convention could convey the take-charge image that Mondale has failed to project so far.

Since late June, Mondale's principal activity has been interviewing a parade of possible running mates invited to his \$200,000, Frank Lloyd Wright-style home at the end of a winding private drive off Thrush Lane in suburban North Oaks, Minn. The meetings, now totaling seven, have settled into a routine. The smiling candidate arrives, with spouse, by motorcade; Mondale crosses the brick bridge, spanning a small hollow that separates the house from its surroundings, to greet them and escort them inside; after about two hours, the participants re-emerge for a meeting with the press at which Mondale says very nearly the same thing about each interviewee. Samples from last week: New York Congresswoman Geraldine Ferraro has done a "superb job" as head of the convention's platform committee; San Antonio Mayor Henry Cisneros would make "a superb Vice President." Friday's talk with Kentucky Governor Martha Layne Collins was "useful and wide-ranging"—just like all six previous interviews.

To many voters and some party leaders, the succession of interviews seems less a display of thoughtful leadership than, to use Jackson's words, "a p.r. parade." The charge is that Mondale has been too obviously wooing party blocs: women (Ferraro, Collins and San Francisco Mayor Dianne Feinstein); blacks (Mayors Thomas Bradley of Los Angeles and Wilson Goode of Philadelphia); Hispanics (Cisneros). Senator Lloyd Bentsen of Texas was the lone white male. While some of those visiting North Oaks are legitimate contenders, political pros cannot believe that others, such as Cisneros and Collins, have enough experience or clout outside their own constituencies to be under serious consideration. Mondale heightened these misgivings by saying that he might pick someone who had not come to North Oaks.



After meeting with Vice-Presidential Hopeful Ferraro

Keynoter Cuomo, meeting Mondale last week in Brookline, Mass., for a fund-raising affair, pleaded with the about-to-be nominee to end the parade and "make an early commitment." This might make Mondale seem decisive, but it also could dissipate the convention's remaining drama. Mondale is trying to arrange more interviews for this week, though a leading prospective invitee to North Oaks, Arkansas Senator Dale Bumpers, is putting on what Mondale aides view as a Hamlet-like show of indecision about whether or not to come.

The V.P. procession has had one highly uncomfortable result for Mondale: he and his advisers badly miscalculated how much feminist pressure he would inspire with his overtures to prospective women candidates. Not only did NOW threaten a floor fight, Goldsmith went so far as to talk of winning

one. The realization spread that a pitched battle over Mondale's running mate would create a disastrous impression of a presidential candidate incapable of controlling his own party. The 23 women who journeyed to Minnesota to meet Mondale last Wednesday assured him they intended no such thing. They said their demand was that Mondale choose someone dedicated to feminist principles, not necessarily a woman. Mondale's aides nonetheless do not rule out the possibility that a woman may be nominated from the floor if the candidate does not choose one himself. Says one: "If it happens, it's a diversion, and we don't need any more diversions."

Mondale's advisers are not yet totally convinced that a woman on the ticket would be a plus. Georgia Democratic Chairman Bert Lance, for one, thinks a woman might hurt Mondale in the South and in blue-collar areas of the Midwest. But if Mondale chooses a man, he risks dimming the enthusiasm of some of his strongest followers, whose hopes have been raised very high. No one expects feminist leaders to sit out a campaign against Reagan, who is anathema to them. But one Mondale strategist concedes there is a question about "the number of phone calls that will be made, how many hours will be put in at the lower levels." Mondale could also lose the chance of winning a new constituency of women who are not political activists but might vote for him if he were willing to take the unprecedented step of putting a woman a heartbeat away from the White House.

One ironic effect of the feminist enthusiasm may have been to diminish the vice-presidential chances of Congresswoman Ferraro, once thought to be leading the female half of the procession. Before meeting with Mondale, she had said she might allow her name to be offered from the floor as a symbolic gesture. After that session, she asserted that she would not be part of any challenge to his vice-presidential choice, but her edgy, tight-lipped demeanor indicated her earlier statement had done her cause no good. The consensus among Mondale watchers was that Feinstein had impressed him much more, though she has the political liabilities of being Jewish and married three times (she was divorced from her first husband; her second died). Among the men invited to North Oaks, Mayor Bradley of Los Angeles seemed to score best. Of those who did not go to North Oaks, Cuomo might be at the top of Mondale's list if he could be talked out of his 1982 pledge to serve a full term in the New York Governor's man-



Sharing a laugh with Keynoter Cuomo at Boston's Logan Airport
On the networks, no gavel-to-gavel coverage.

sion. Cuomo shows no signs of wavering.

Then, of course, there is Gary Hart, who matched Mondale almost vote for vote, though far from delegate for delegate, in the primaries and caucuses. The Colorado Senator last week came about as close as he could to saying he would take No. 2 without formally abandoning his campaign for No. 1. Asked at a press conference in Chicago what he thought of a Mondale-Hart ticket, he replied, "I like the combination, but I would prefer the reverse order." One reason Hart might take V.P. is that he has a \$3 million campaign debt. Says one adviser: "If he doesn't get on the ticket, he won't get any help from the party on that debt. It would take him at least a year to clear it. Then he would have to raise a couple million more to run for the Senate again in 1986, then \$25 million more to run for President in '88—all from the same people."

Hart's vice-presidential chances, however, could hardly have been helped by an article in *Vanity Fair* magazine quoting him as saying that Marilyn Youngbird, an Indian woman described as a "radiant divorcee," was his "spiritual adviser." The article, written by Gail Sheehy, an experienced magazine journalist (*New York*) and author (*Passages*), said that Hart and Youngbird had attended an Indian ceremony that was, in Youngbird's words, "sensual... they brushed the front and back of our bodies with eagle feathers." Sheehy added that the Senator had accepted Youngbird's assurance that he had been chosen by supernatural forces to "save nature from destruction." Hart denied that Youngbird was any kind of guru and said the ceremony had been an innocuous dedication of a park. On top of that flap, Hart was quoted in the *Denver Post* as calling Mondale's interviews in North Oaks "something very close to pandering." His lame comment: "I don't recall the context."

The eagle-feather episode was merely a minor diversion in comparison with what one Mondale strategist says "is still the No. 1 problem around the convention": Jackson's role. Mondale Campaign Manager Robert Beckel detected a cooperative mood during a three-hour private dinner over ribs with Jackson in Kansas City Monday night, and after the two candidates met for two hours the next day, they sounded warily friendly. Jackson handed Mondale a list of black and Hispanic women who, he said, should be considered as potential Vice Presidents. More substantive, Jackson pledged that "together we will prevail in November" and even conceded that runoff primaries do not invariably discriminate against black office seekers. That indicated that Jackson might accept defeat gracefully on his minority planks and concentrate his incandescent oratory at the convention, and during the campaign, against Reagan.

Some Jackson supporters continue to

talk a hard line about what Mondale must do to win their man's enthusiastic backing. They say Jackson will demand that Mondale appoint key members of Jackson's staff to top campaign posts, grant Jackson considerable influence over how the party spends its voter-registration funds, and give him a voice in appointments to the party commission that will study changes in the rules for selecting Democratic convention delegates in 1988. Above all, they say, Mondale must make a public concession of some kind to Jackson—never mind if that further troubles Mondale's Jewish supporters, not to mention other white voters. Says one Jackson adviser: "Mondale better realize that in November, 50% of Jews are going to vote Republican anyway." (In 1980, only 39% did so, and in 1976 only 34%.)

Unauthorized personnel going to other countries and in effect negotiating with foreign governments." Noting that Jackson had airily talked of following up his success in winning release of some Cuban prisoners by journeying to the Soviet Union to talk about freedom for Dissident Physicist Andrei Sakharov, the President said such a trip could complicate "things that might be going on in quiet diplomacy channels."

In the end, the avowed hope of Mondale aides for a "boring" convention is unlikely to be fulfilled. Some suspense, certainly over Jackson's role, is likely to linger until the opening bell sounds, and probably beyond that point. Democrats being Democrats, there will almost surely be enough spirited debate, if not acrimonious division, to make interesting theater.



The Moscone Center, foreground, where the Democrats will stage their big spectacle

Speaking to the N.A.A.C.P. last week, Mondale called Jackson's campaign "a victory for all Americans." But he also insisted to reporters that his private talk with Jackson in Kansas City was a "discussion" and "not a negotiation," indicating that he wants to preserve some distance while still enlisting Jackson's support—a delicate task indeed. For all Jackson's unquestionable success at pulling black voters to the polls, he turns off many white voters, and presumably some blacks too, by inappropriate effusions like his praise for Fidel Castro and the Nicaraguan Sandinistas on his Latin American tour two weeks ago. Reagan last week foreshadowed the likely Republican attack on such ventures by asserting in a TV interview: "There is a law, the Logan Act,* with regard to

*Enacted in 1799 after a U.S. doctor, George Logan, went to Paris to urge French officials to seek better relations with the U.S. Only one person, Kentucky Farmer Francis Flournoy, has ever been indicted under the act. He was charged in 1803 with violating the law by advocating that a new nation allied with France be created in the American West. The Louisiana Purchase rendered the issue obsolete, and Flournoy was never brought to trial.

It will take far more than a socko show in prime time, however, to give Mondale much chance against Reagan in November. Somehow he must simultaneously keep the support of his Jewish backers, attract the votes of blacks, particularly the younger ones who have been moved to register by Jackson, and appeal to women who think it is time that one of the parties put a female on the ticket. Even if he can perform that intricate balancing act, he faces the unenviable task of campaigning at a time of dropping unemployment, low inflation and no urgent foreign crisis, against a President who has proved remarkably adroit at claiming credit for all the visible successes and avoiding blame for any of the policy failures. Even to shorten the odds, Mondale must pull together in a united effort all the multiple constituencies and showy personalities of his fractious party. That is fitting enough. Such an effort, exercised in the nation as a whole, goes by the name of presidential leadership. —By George J. Church. Reported by Sam Allis/Washington and William Stewart with Mondale

A Party in Search of Itself

Still tethered to the past, the heirs of F.D.R. are groping for the future

CONVENTION



The band will strike up *Happy Days Are Here Again*, the party leaders will clasp hands in the traditional victory salute. Banners will wave, rhetoric will flow. When the Democrats meet next

week in San Francisco to nominate a ticket for the 1984 election, they will strive mightily to stage a tableau of unity and shared purpose.

The hoopla will be a façade. Even if Walter Mondale manages to smooth over his rifts with Jesse Jackson and the feisty women's movement, even if he somehow upsets Ronald Reagan in the fall, deep divisions will remain within the party. The Democrats are groping for a fresh identity and a modern agenda. They are badly split between old New Dealers, as embodied by Mondale, and a large and restless group of "new generation" Democrats, championed vocally if so far unsuccessfully by Gary Hart. The party is in the midst of a prolonged mid-life crisis, no longer able to rely on the formulas of the past, not yet able to

articulate a clear vision of the future.

The party's collective confusion is on display from the campaign stump to Congress. Mondale preaches compassion, Hart calls for "new ideas." Old liberals like Tip O'Neill support massive jobs bills, while young reformers vote to freeze spending on all domestic programs. Southern Democrats seek to contain Communism in Central America, while Northern Democrats look at El Salvador and see Viet Nam. No center holds. "The party is floundering because it lacks a vision of where it is going," says Duke University Political Scientist James David Barber. "Where there is no vision, the parties perish."

For almost half a century, the Democratic Party derived its power from what it could give away. It was the party of benevolent Government, offering help for the disadvantaged and services for everyone. "In the postwar era," observes Harvard Political Economist Robert Reich, "it was possible to dispense [Government largesse] and pump [the economy] at the same time." But in the '70s and '80s, the demand for Government goodies began to outstrip the growth of the economy. Lyndon Johnson, and by extension the Democratic Party, was wrong: the

U.S. was not "an endless cornucopia."

With this rude awakening, the Government bureaucracy came to be seen as inflated and wasteful. The Viet Nam War made the U.S. seem weak abroad. Then Watergate soiled the presidency. The public began to lose faith in Government—and in the Democrats' activism.

At the same time, paradoxically, the Democrats fell victim to their accumulated success. "The New Deal and Great Society programs worked a lot better than people think," says Democratic Senator Dale Bumpers of Arkansas. "A lot of people left poverty and joined the middle class. We lost a lot of traditional coalition Democrats in the process." Says former Senator Adlai Stevenson III of Illinois: "We cannot win any more with just the old core constituencies. There aren't enough of them. They've moved on."

The party, to be sure, is far from moribund. Some 43% of all voters still call themselves Democrats, only 30% Republicans and 27% independents. The Democrats have a majority in the House and hold 35 of 50 governorships. But to recapture the presidency and to control the national debate, the party will have to appeal to the middle class, particularly the



so-called Yuppies, the baby-boom generation. This requires a more hardheaded approach to economic problems, which in turn risks alienating the party's traditional supporters. "Defining the role of Government is the central philosophical dilemma Democrats have to confront," says Tennessee Congressman Albert Gore.

Historically, Democrats won by embracing disparate and even warring factions. The New Deal coalition included urban ethnics, Southern Protestants, dirt farmers, Jewish intellectuals, illiterate coal miners, poor blacks and virulent racists. Improbably, they rallied behind a Groton- and Harvard-educated polio victim with a patrician accent.

What Franklin D. Roosevelt was able to offer was hope: hope of an end to the breadlines and dust bowls of the Great Depression, hope of prosperity for all. This prosperity would not come the old Republican way, by letting the free market create wealth that might then trickle down to the lower classes. It would come instead by using Government to create jobs. Through a host of alphabet agencies—the NRA, the CCC, the WPA—the New Deal pumped money into the economy, artificially creating demand for goods and services. It took World War II to really spur production and cure the Depression, but by then F.D.R. had won a victory of the spirit. His programs attacked not only poverty but helplessness. The poor and dispossessed began to feel that Government was their protector.

L.B.J.'s Great Society gave the welfare state a mighty push. In the 1960s, benefit checks began to flow out of Washington in a stream that soon became a tor-

rent: a nationwide food-stamp program, rent supplements for the poor, scholarships for college students, federal grants for the arts, Medicare, Medicaid, higher pensions for federal employees and veterans, subsidized low-income housing, aid to handicapped children. Despite Johnson's intention to help the helpless, middle- and even upper-income groups climbed aboard.

As interest groups proliferated, they jostled each other at the federal trough. Blacks, women, the handicapped, the elderly, all demanded more of "their share." The established groups, particularly labor, tried to pull up the social ladder behind them, protecting high wages and benefits. The \$12-an-hour white construction worker bitterly resented welfare "handouts" to unmarried black mothers. He feared affirmative-action quotas that threatened his job security. He worried about taxes, crime and mortgage rates. He believed that Government largesse was eroding America's self-reliance, American independence. These were middle-class concerns—Republican concerns.

A demographic sea change was under way, and the Republicans exploited it. They tailored their campaign techniques to voters who were more affluent and mobile than those in the past. Television allowed candidates to reach into the home, bypassing cumbersome and outdated political machines. The message had to be short and simple, conveyed in a 30-second spot. In 1980 the Republicans were able to outspend the Democrats \$152 million to \$98 million, and their television ads were particularly

effective. One of the meanest showing a Tip O'Neill look-alike drew a long black Lincoln Continental that ran out of gas.

Ronald Reagan, as a result, was able to steal a march into Democratic territory. He won away urban ethnics from their Democratic ward leaders, white Protestants from the once solidly Democratic South, and even union workers disaffected from their labor bosses. In 1980 fully 43% of union workers and 26% of registered Democrats voted Republican.

Reagan's most effective pitch was simply to run against Government. "Government is not the solution to our problem," he would tell voters. "Government is the problem." Remarkably, Reagan is still able to make this case, even though he now runs the Government.

He also managed to lay claim to the issue of patriotism, radiating a sunny assurance about America's future even as Jimmy Carter brooded about the malaise that, as he saw it, was gripping the country. "We let them have the high ground," concedes Democratic Congressman James Shannon of Massachusetts. "The Republicans became the flag wavers, the protectors of American



Nation

values." The G.O.P. succeeded in casting itself as the party of optimism. The Democrats, once the party of the future, became the party of pessimism and stagnation.

Mondale, to his political detriment, is the consummate symbol of Democratic traditionalism. To a large extent, he retains his faith in the efficacy of Government. He often approaches great national issues not with overarching vision, but like a train conductor punching tickets. On education, he heeded the teachers' union opposition to merit pay, and promised instead more pay for all teachers. On foreign trade, he rejected warnings of a trade war and endorsed a protectionist bill backed by the autoworkers' union that would save their jobs but raise prices for consumers. The huge federal deficit—Reagan's federal deficit—has limited Mondale's generosity somewhat, but Mondale has been unwilling to suggest major cuts in entitlement programs.

Mondale's aides argue that their man cannot win by trying to sound like a Republican in Democrat's clothes, preaching belt tightening and less Government. They point out that anti-Government feelings are not as clear-cut as public opinion polls seem to suggest. While many Americans are against Government in principle—a 1983 survey showed that a majority believe Government to be "the biggest threat to the country"—few are willing to give up what it bestows on them. Says Chicago Political Consultant Don Rose: "Everybody is against Government, but all are in favor of what Government does."

The key to victory, Mondale's advisers believe, lies largely in energizing the party's traditional base: the poor, the elderly, union members, minorities. The Mondale camp points to the 11 million black and Hispanic voters and the millions more who are not registered. Blacks have traditionally been loyal Democrats, but Jesse Jackson has touched a strong streak of restiveness. These groups may not vote for Reagan, but they may not vote at all if the Democrats ignore their needs. If the party can meet its goal of registering 3 million blacks and Hispanics, Mondale's aides say, "Populist Fritz" can win in the fall—as long as there is not a correspondingly large white backlash.

Mondale's interest-group politics makes many nontraditional Democrats cringe. "A winning party has to have a vision and a message," says Gerald Rafshoon, former media adviser to Jimmy

Carter. "Mondale's message is Hubert Humphrey." The emerging neoliberal wing of the party believes that the days of Big Government are over. Says Senator Christopher Dodd of Connecticut: "Ronald Reagan has convinced people that the Democrats think Government is the solution. The new Democrats operate on the assumption that Government is a solution."

Pragmatism is the cornerstone of the new movement. While many of its disciples dislike being pigeonholed as neoliberals, they share a conviction that Gov-

ernment programs must be carefully reviewed to weed out those that do not work. Says Charles Peters, editor of the *Washington Monthly* and one of neoliberalism's gurus: "Liberals have automatically defended Government without scrutinizing whether it actually delivers the mail or builds a good tank."

boyan rhetoric of old pols like Senate Minority Leader Robert Byrd and House Majority Leader James Wright of Texas, preferring a more measured and sometimes sardonic tone. They even look alike, which is to say telegraphic. Says Hart, their most conspicuous spokesman: "Everyone in my generation is good on television. If we weren't, we wouldn't have won."

For all their obvious intelligence, however, it is not always easy to know just what neoliberals stand for. Pragmatism is a sound approach to governance, but it is not a clarion call. Challenged to offer specific "new ideas," Hart would drone on about individual training accounts for workers or the need for smaller aircraft carriers. His high-tech notions were often imaginative, but they benumbed voters.

"Our problem is that we do not have a single, bumper-sticker solution. We're working through some pretty complicated notions," says Wirth. The arduous effort to sum up Government's proper role can produce mush. "Government should be in where it should be and out where it shouldn't be," earnestly intones Adlai Stevenson III. Simple ideas may make for simplistic, even foolhardy policies, but they help win elections. Reagan, for example, is able to summarize Reaganism in four words: less Government, more defense.

Neoliberalism has a detached, bloodless quality. As the *New Republic* columnist TRB notes, "Neoliberal" can mean "not very liberal." Re- thinking can be a code word for "renewing." The old New Dealers look at the young Turks and fear for the party's soul. Says Paul Simon, a five-term Congressman from Illinois: "The Democrats have to continue to be a party of heart and compassion. If we neglect that, we have lost our reason for existence."

The new-generation Democrats say they are mindful of the party's historic role. They do not want to rip any more holes in the "safety net" for the poor. They want to spend billions on education and on rebuilding the nation's decaying roads, bridges and dams.

But how do they aim to do that and still reduce the nation's almost \$200 billion-a-year deficits? The neoliberal answer is economic growth—quite a shift from the gloomy "limits to growth" notions purveyed by the Club of Rome in the early 1970s and eagerly endorsed by many liberals. "We have spent the past 50 years worrying about the distribution of golden eggs," says Senator Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts, a leading neoliberal



New Deal: F.D.R.'s Fireside Chats



An alphabet agency



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Canadian Club



Nation

thinker. "It is now time to worry about the health of the goose." Economic growth, of course, is the same answer Reagan offered when asked how he planned to reduce taxes, balance the budget and build up the military, all at once. Reagan's solution was supply-side economics.

The Democrats have no strategy that can be reduced to such a catchy phrase. Indeed, it remains uncertain whether they have a plan that will work any better. And even if they did, they would face a formidable public relations problem. "People don't believe the Democrats know how to run the economy," admits Tsongas. "We've got to break out of that."

There is a general rubric for what the Democrats envision, though they shy from using it in public. It is called "industrial policy." Neoliberal economic thinkers such as Lester Thurow, economics professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Investment Banker Felix Rohatyn argue that Government should help economic winners and let losers fend for themselves. The Government would stimulate, with tax breaks and loans, what the U.S. economy does best—design computers and provide services. Heavy industry would be largely left to developing countries, where labor is cheap. But even when dressed up in jargon ("sunrise" and "sunset" industries), industrial policy sounds brutally Darwinian to regions already in deep twilight, like the Ohio River valley. It also sounds like central planning. Like, say, France. Like, er, socialism.

This is not at all a message that the new Democrats want to send. They want to espouse less Government, not more. Protests Neoliberal Wirth: "The fact is, we already have an industrial policy. We already spend \$300 billion in subsidies to industry, but it's a crazy quilt of patchwork policies. The Republicans say get rid of it. We say that's absurd. We say don't get rid of it, rationalize it."

A sound industrial policy, the Democratic thinkers hasten to add, would not impose Government's will on business, merely offer assistance. Cooperation is a word frequently heard these days in Democratic think tanks. The model is Japan. In Japan, business, government and even labor all seem to work together for the common good, instead of sparring constantly as they do in the U.S.

But this model is less than a perfect one for the U.S. Japan's success may have more to do with the homogeneity and work ethic of Japanese society than with the wisdom of its Ministry of Inter-

national Trade and Industry. (Actually, the Japanese and the neoliberals seem to be going in circles: lately, delegations of Japanese businessmen have been poking around Silicon Valley, trying to learn about good old-fashioned American entrepreneurialism. And competition among factories in Japan is often fierce.) Somehow the Japanese vision of happy workers, loyally singing company songs as they program their robots, is hard to imagine in a Detroit auto plant.

Gary Hart likes to say that if he is elected President, he will assemble management, labor and finance leaders of "key" industries such as steel and autos at

would eliminate all but the most basic deductions (home mortgages, charity, payments to retirement plans) and offer instead reduced yet still graduated tax rates of 14% to 30%. "It would allow Democrats to argue for economic growth through lower tax rates and fairness through closing loopholes, and it would raise an additional \$25 billion to \$30 billion over three years," declares Senator Bradley.

The catch-22 of Bradley-Gephardt is that it completely undercuts the Democrats' chief vehicle of industrial policy. Most Democratic thinkers want to use tax incentives and penalties as Government's lever to transform the economy. It is more efficient to fine-tune the economy through the tax code than by subsidies to specific industries. This inevitably leads to a more complicated tax structure, not a simpler one. Asked to reconcile the apparent contradiction, Massachusetts Congressman Shannon shrugged, "You can't."

The Democrats need a persuasive economic program soon if they are to win over the baby-boom generation. Already, 43% of the voting-age population was born between 1946 and 1964. By rallying behind Hart in the primaries, younger voters, especially the better-educated, better-off Yuppies, served notice that they are ready to exercise their political clout. Says Republican Consultant Eddie Mahe: "Whoever finds the key to that group is a long way down the road to dominating the political scene for the next 30 to 40 years."

Hart's pollster, Patrick Caddell, ominously warns that Mondale's old-fashioned politics may drive the group into the Republican camp. "The Democrats are engaged in a march of folly," he says. "They are ignoring the key demographic battleground." Though the Democrats have traditionally been the party of youth, says Caddell, "we are losing them—perhaps for good."

Mondale's pollster, Peter Hart, is predictably less apocalyptic. While he concedes that "younger voters are expressing Republican sentiments as never before," he insists that they remain on the fence. Their economic beliefs, he says, are "closer to the Republicans." But they are closer to the Democrats in their social attitudes—generally pro-choice on abortion, pro-Equal Rights Amendment and pro-environment. Says a Democratic insider: "Yuppies give off emanations of 'screw the poor,' but they can't permanently fit in a party that also contains the Moral Majority. They just can't."

The Democrats' positions on foreign policy and defense also appeal to younger



Great Society: L.B.J. orates



A War on Poverty program



Job trainees in New York learn how to plaster a wall in 1965

the White House, where they will jawbone out a deal under Government guidance. Labor would make concessions in wage demands in return for job guarantees, business would promise to reinvest in new equipment in exchange for Government-backed loans, and so forth. It is an interesting idea, until one recalls the exhausting battles that invariably surround a single corporate bailout, such as that of Lockheed or Chrysler Corp. Moreover, an industrial recovery and reinvestment bill could easily become a hopeless pork barrel by the time lobbyists and horse-trading Congressmen finish with it. Such outcomes trouble many new-generation Democrats. "I am not sure Americans respond well to economic plans with a capital P," says Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis.

One increasingly popular Democratic idea would reform, in a massive way, the complexities and inequities of the tax code. The Bradley-Gephardt tax reform bill

Nation

voters. Most do not want to weaken U.S. defense, but neither do they want to give carte blanche to the Pentagon's wish list of new weapons systems. Mondale's defense approach—about 5% real growth this year, compared with 13% originally proposed by Reagan, and no funds for the MX missile and B-1 bomber—seems sound to them.

Many Democrats share the skepticism of the post-Viet Nam generation about U.S. intervention abroad. Reagan's willingness to commit U.S. troops and his past bellicosity toward the Soviet Union have created opportunities for the Democrats. Women, particularly, are worried about the "war-peace" issue; Democrats expect to profit from the gender gap. By pressing hard for a resumption of arms-

Perhaps that is because they do not have a commanding figure to synthesize and shape the varied ideas germinating within their ranks. Indeed, the party's search for itself is also a search for a unifying leader.

America's watershed elections have revolved around charismatic figures. In 1832 Andrew Jackson made the Democrats a true "people's party." In 1932, it was Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal. Unless the Democrats find a way to head it off, 1980 may be similarly remembered for launching the Reagan Revolution.

F.D.R.'s strength was that he was able to adapt and change his policies to fit the times. He initially pushed for a balanced budget; his conversion to Keynesian economics came only later, during his second

term. Historian and Democratic Activist Arthur Schlesinger Jr. says that Mondale is a practitioner of the Minnesota school of politics: "Don't disappoint anyone in the audience in front of you." Mondale could, of course, shift his tack before November. Indeed, to run credibly against Reagan on the deficit issue, he will have to show that he can say no, preferably to a union. It is hard to imagine Mondale changing in any dramatic way. "What you see is what you get," he likes to tell voters. Still, Mondale proved himself a resilient, clever campaigner against Hart; he may yet show some vision.

To many Democrats, the party's best hope is its next generation of leaders. "The entire stable of potential candidates for 1988 comes from the new Democratic group of politicians," says Tsongas. Overall, they are impressive and attractive. So far, they have shown a willingness to buck special-interest groups—though the political price they have had to pay is much less than it would be in a presidential race. Bradley, Dodd and Joseph Biden of Delaware lead the new-generation Democrats in the Senate. In the House, Gore, Gephardt, Panetta and Wirth all hold promise as national politicians. Many young Democratic Governors have already had to face up to budget deficits. A number of them, including Dukakis, Lamm, Bruce Babbitt of Arizona, Richard Celeste of Ohio, James Hunt of North Carolina and Robert Graham of Florida, could make the step up onto the national stage. Governor Mario Cuomo of New York has the ability to stand for values now claimed by the Republicans: family, neighborhood and love of country. Like the others, he has yet to articulate a succinct vision for the future, but he has been able to make Government sound like the common man's friend, indeed his indispensable ally.



"Who am I, Doctor? I mean, who am I, Doctor? I mean who am I, Doctor? Like I mean, who am I, y'know? Who am I? Tell me, who? Who?"

control talks, Democrats stand to win the substantial nuclear-freeze vote. "Reagan has gone off so far on the right that he has ceded the center," says Democratic Congressman Leon Panetta of California. "He draws Democrats together to develop a more rational policy."

Perhaps, but the elements of that "rational policy" remain murky. The Democrats can sometimes agree on what not to do: do not overthrow the government of Nicaragua, do not call the Soviets "an evil empire," do not leave troops in Lebanon. But there is less agreement on what to do about the Soviet threat or the Middle East or Central America. Old scars of the bitter battles between Democratic hawks and doves of the Viet Nam era remain. Advocates of a nuclear freeze, for example, are impatient with the old Democratic foreign policy Establishment, which advocates a more sensible, step-by-step approach to arms control. The Democratic approach to foreign affairs these days is more a response to specific events than a policy.

This is true in a general sense as well. The Democrats seem unable to hit common themes that could rally their diverse constituencies behind a single standard.

term. But even while casting about for a solution, Roosevelt used his "Fireside Chats" to reach across class and regional lines, to make people identify with larger aims and give them a sense of nation. Television, of course, is an even more powerful medium, as Reagan has shown. Sadly for the Democrats, Mondale is diminished by the tube, not enhanced.

For all their talk of growth, realistic Democrats know that sacrifices will have to be made to bring the federal deficit under control. Specifically, middle-class entitlements will have to be cut. "Since the Democratic Party built up these systems," says Colorado Governor Richard Lamm, "it should take the lead in reforming them." While few are ready to say it in public, many neoliberals believe that some kind of means test should be applied to Social Security to cut out the well-to-do. Says Panetta: "We cannot just play pork-barrel politics with the nation. We are going to have to tell some people that they can't have all they want. Talking about sacrifice is not something politicians like to do, but I think the country is prepared for that kind of leadership."

Up to now, demanding sacrifice has not been Mondale's style. Quite the con-

U nlike in Europe, where campaigns are driven by polemics, American presidential elections usually turn on personality and performance in office. Right now President Reagan is riding high. The economy, especially, is going his way: last week the unemployment rate dropped four-tenths of a point, to 7.1%. Still, a world debt crisis, a foreign misadventure or a health problem could retire him to his ranch. "If there is enough dissatisfaction with the 'ins,' you don't need a vision," says Political Scientist Norman Ornstein of Catholic University. "You just need to be there to pick up the pieces."

Yet even if Walter Mondale did win, it would probably be the last hurrah for old-style liberalism. In a given election, American voters are apt to worry less about ideas than results. But to retain lasting influence, the party will have to frame a new set of governing principles, a coherent plan to meet changing times. The Democrats must find not only a voice but a new identity.

—By Evan Thomas. Reported by Sam Allis/Washington, Richard Hornik/Boston and Christopher Ogden/Chicago

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The Golden Gate Bridge soars out of the mist: the climate is sweet-tempered but flighty and seems to nurture eccentrics

City of High Spirits

The delegates, too, may leave their hearts in San Francisco

CONVENTION



Many Americans say they hate New York City, and New Yorkers love to loathe Los Angeles. Most people could find something unflattering to say about Boston, Washington or Chicago. But San Francisco is charmed. Just mention the city, and ordinary folks turn weak-kneed, as if recalling some perfect spring or long-lost romance.

San Francisco is beautiful, vivacious. San Francisco is physically dramatic. San Francisco is funky but clean, elegant but spunky. San Francisco is tolerant of crazes (beatniks, hippies, microchip venture capitalists), yet preserves the old (cable cars, Victorian follies). If an out-of-town churl dares suggest that the city may be *too* cute for its own good, he is politely ignored. But disparagement by outsiders is uncommon: ever since the Democrats announced last year that they would hold their convention in San Francisco, politicians and journalists have savored the prospect. The city's high spirits are contagious and self-justifying.

It has always been so. San Francisco was gay when that meant merry and blithe, back when its 49ers were gold prospectors, not football players. The city began as a boom town and never quite lost the founding giddiness. "San Francisco was zero in 1848, a Mexican village," says Kevin Starr, author of *Americans and the California Dream*. "And in 1870 it was the tenth-largest city in the United States." Ne'er-do-wells found themselves making fortunes on minerals or dry goods or prostitution. Young Yankees rode into town by the thousands, looking for adventure and gold. "It was never your average

American city," Starr says. "San Francisco, right from the start, was a second chance, a new beginning."

Like America itself, in other words, but more urban, more hopped up, less buttoned down. San Francisco's mild but flighty climate must nurture eccentrics. In 1849, the city's commissioner of deeds resigned to become a singer-songwriter. Some years later, a circus geek called Oofy Goofy became a sidewalk S-M entrepreneur: he let passers-by cane him for a quarter or hit him with a baseball bat for four bits. When another local loon, the self-appointed Norton I, Emperor of North America and Protector of Mexico, died in 1880, 30,000 people (out of a population of 234,000) went to the funeral. A century later, a punk rocker named Jello Biafra ran for mayor and finished fourth among ten candidates. Rudyard Kipling wrote that San Francisco was "a mad city—inhabited for the most part by perfectly insane people whose women are of a remarkable beauty." He liked it. Other American cities had their rambunctious phases. But San Francisco (pop. 706,000) never left its adolescence entirely behind.

The city, of course, was no land's end colony of sybarites and free spirits. Wharves, canneries and dynamite factories were built. Immigrants arrived from China, Italy and Ireland, hoping to better their lot through hard work. After the 1906 earthquake, there was plenty of work to do. The city's two glorious bridges and half the buildings standing today were built during the 35 years between the quake and World War II. The names of immigrants who rebuilt San Francisco turn up everywhere in the city. There is a Molinari Delicatessen and a John Molinari who sits on the eleven-member board

of supervisors. There is the Fisherman's Wharf fish market called F. Alioto Fish Co., and Lawyer Joseph Alioto, the former mayor. Alfred Nelder was once police chief; Wendy Nelder is now president of the board of supervisors. These fourth-generation families give San Francisco a solid core of culturally conservative citizens.

San Francisco has been ambivalent about its shifting myths, and seems to cringe each decade as the national press discovers the newest social kink *cum* movement. In 1957, Poet Allen Ginsberg and other shooting stars of his generation ("starving hysterical naked, dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn," he wrote in *Howl*) were said to compose a San Francisco renaissance. The city was besieged by sophomores with a taste for espresso and random-access verse. When 1967 sparked and sputtered through town, the beatniks had given way to Haight-Ashbury hippies. They were less high-strung and, like, not into the whole *verbal* trip, O.K.? There was an influx of homosexuals during and after World War II, but it was nothing like the flamboyant wave that arrived in the 1970s. By 1977, when Gay Activist Harvey Milk won a seat on the board of supervisors, his Castro Street district was populated in great measure by similarly trim, tan men, and after Milk was assassinated in 1978, thousands of them rioted.

Other places have large homosexual populations, but nowhere are gays more conspicuous than in San Francisco, where they are said to make up 20% of the adult population. In the 1960s the police department went out of its way to raid gay bars, and recently a homosexual chorus was forbidden to sing in a Roman Catholic church. But the ill will has diminished a lot in the past few years. "We have fights going on in this town," says Supervisor Harry Britt, Milk's successor, "but we

don't have fights between gays and straights."

The San Francisco homosexual community is more self-aware, more of a community, than any other on earth. Gays have their own savings and loan association, car-insurance agency and funeral parlor. There are gay newspapers, gay hotels and gay travel agencies. There is also, sad to say, a gay health crisis. About one in every thousand San Franciscans has AIDS. According to a sketchy study released last week, at least half the city's homosexuals may have been exposed to the disease.

Gay or straight, San Franciscans pursue the good life with vigor. Boutiques are endemic. Fine fresh food and exquisite wines are a local industry. A daily jog provides a runner's high. Cocaine was big. BMWs still are. In such a city, thick with gays and Yuppies, the similarity between those two demographic subsets is striking. An unexpected notion occurs: Yuppies are, in a sense, heterosexual gays. Among middle-class people, after all, gays formed the original two-income households and were the original gentrifiers, the original body cultists and dapper health-club devotees, the trendy homemakers, the refined, childless world travelers. Yuppies merely appended the term "life-style" and put a conventional sexual spin on things. Together, the two groups have made the birth rate in San Francisco (12.1 per 1,000) lowest among the 20 largest U.S. cities.

San Francisco Yuppies, if they do not commute to a Silicon Valley computer company, tend to work downtown. Downtown has a newish, rising skyline, with the 48-story Transamerica Pyramid building as the exotic centerpiece. Since 1982, a new skyscraper has been topped off every five weeks. San Francisco's aggregate office space has doubled since the Haight's Summer of Love in 1967, and now, with 55 million sq. ft., there is enough to give every man, woman and child in San Francisco an office. Yuppie businesspeople, lawyers and engineers have prospered in this white-collar boom. But many are now worried that the triangular district below California Street is becoming too dense and vertical—"Manhattanized." William Hambrecht, 48, co-founder of one of the city's most successful investment banks, has regrets. "When we opened in 1964, Montgomery Street was like a small town," he says of his office's neighborhood. "It had a sense of intimacy and a lot of small bars. Now it's more sterile and more like New York. I enjoy it less than I did." Like New York, San Francisco

has welcomed foreign capitalists to invest in the city. Says Samuel Armacost, president of Bank of America: "I could throw a baseball from this window and hit 30 or 40 foreign banks."

Especially Asian ones, such as the Fuji Bank International on California Street and the Hong Kong & Shanghai Banking Corp. on Sansome Street. San Francisco now has fifth-generation Chinese Americans. The Census Bureau puts the city's Asian population at 22%, just about equal to that of blacks and Hispanics combined, and the true figure is probably higher. San Francisco has eight Chi-

Oakland; the tract houses are south, outside the city limits. With its affluent tax base and light load of urban ills, San Francisco has been able to build a cushy municipal budget surplus (\$130 million).

San Francisco is exceedingly pleased with its eclectic self. But worldliness, when it is crammed into the tip of a cramped peninsula, can take on a parochial cast. Home-town pride produces a civic-mindedness that borders on the obsessive. In the Potrero Hill neighborhood, a builder wants to put up some stores on a pizza shop's back lot. A petition drive and local media brouhaha have deterred him. Why?

Because two goats live in the lot; because it is San Francisco. "There are so many community watchdogs," says Robert Pritikin, an advertising executive and inn owner, "so many officious little rich ladies, so many intensely worried lawyers, that if some city official dares steal a postage stamp, it will be on the front page of the San Francisco Chronicle."

It is also true that beneath its mellow exterior, San Francisco has an edgy streak, an undercurrent of jitters. Perhaps it is because of the minor tremors that occasionally rattle the city, raising fears of a 1906 redux. Perhaps it is because many people come to San Francisco to flee their pasts. Whatever the reason, a great many San Franciscans are unable to go with the flow. "There's an inordinate number of people with serious mental-health problems," says Social Services Director Edwin Sarsfield. The Zodiac killer, who claims in letters that he murdered 37 people in the '60s and '70s, was never caught. Sara Jane Moore tried to shoot Gerald Ford in San Francisco. The Symbionese Liberation Army was nurtured there. Dan White, the baked-potato vendor and former city supervisor, shot and killed Harvey Milk and Mayor George Moscone in city hall. Every couple of weeks or so, someone leaps off the Golden Gate Bridge into the deep blue sea. The city suicide rate is half again as high as the nation's.

But for every leaper, there are scores of San Franciscans who believe they have found the heavenly city. The reasons are unusually plain. There is the rich, Hopperesque sunlight. There is the cooling fog. And the sea breezes skittering up and down the hills. And the abounding good will. If San Francisco insists on delighting in itself, and even showing off—with the All-Star Game this week, the Democrats next and the Super Bowl come winter—1984 is the year it deserves to be indulged. —By Kurt Andersen.
Reported by Michael Moritz and Dick Thompson/
San Francisco



Castro Street strollers



Chinatown offers delicacies and a Hammett aura



Racing wind-surfers crisscross near Alcatraz island in San Francisco Bay

nese-language daily newspapers and four pages of Wongs in its telephone book. At Father Armand Oliveri's St. Peter and St. Paul Church on Washington Square, the altar boys are Chinese. If the last century's Asian immigrants (and the serpentine fogs) helped give San Francisco its Dashiell Hammett aura, the recent arrivals from the Philippines, South Korea and Hong Kong are giving it an enterprising non-nonsense edge.

San Francisco's compact size (30,000 acres, one-tenth the size of Los Angeles) gives it an advantage over sprawling metropolises. The supply of land is so small and the demand so great that commercial and residential real estate is at a premium (the average house costs \$150,900, more than in any other city). Many people and businesses are priced out of the city. The auto assembly plants, the significant port facilities and the sprawling ghettos are across the bay in

What's Happening off the Floor

Some of the best shows in town are far from the podium



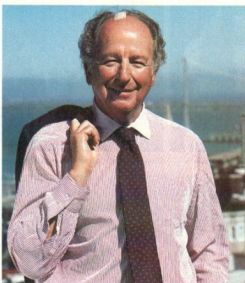
Viewers of a national political convention are sometimes encouraged to believe that the proceedings themselves are all-consuming, that life outside the convention hall somehow grinds to a halt

while the party goes about the momentous business of drafting a platform and picking a ticket. Delegates know better. Like tourists everywhere, they are eager to sample the sights and sounds of the host city. So numerous are San Francisco's attractions that it may be difficult to lure delegates into the convention hall. Herewith a compendium of people, places and things that figure to be conspicuous during the Democrats' week:

City Scribe. "Once you're a habit, you've got it made," says San Francisco *Chronicle* Columnist Herb Caen. By that measure, the Sackamenna Kid, a bowdlerized self-reference to his Sacramento origins, has it made in three-dot spades: Caen's column has appeared in San Francisco for all but three of the past 46 years, and its six-day-a-week mix of gossipy tidbits, hand-me-down gag lines and occasional nuggets of hard news, all separated by three-dot ellipses, is the closest thing to universal wisdom in the variegated Bay Area. Yet for all his clout as San Francisco's arbiter of the quotidian, Caen makes modest claims for his 1,000 words of items and sightings. "A lot of people time their boiled eggs by my column," he says. "It's just the right length."

Readers of Caen soon learn more than they may want to know about his dietary habits (Shredded Wheat for breakfast), his haberdasher (Wilkes Bashford) and his favorite restaurants (Le Central and the Tadich Grill). Some of his word gags not only time eggs but also lay them ("bumpersnickers," for the compendium of auto-born humor that he occasionally shares with readers; "LActress," for L.A. actress). But Caen comes up with more than his share of winners. He claims to have coined the word *beatnik*, and his elegies on the bygone charms of San Francisco are usually models of crisp journalistic prose. He has learned to take himself a little less seriously than he used to. Describing how he will cover the convention, he cracked, "I'll be going to a lot of parties and I hope to pick up what I can, except the check." He may be 68, but he is *au courant*: "What do Michael Jackson and the Giants have in common? They both wear gloves on one hand for no apparent reason."

Strange Brew. The unofficial thirst quencher of the convention will be Anchor Steam beer, a locally produced suds that will be handed out gratis to delegates and visitors, gavel to gavel. Few takers are likely to mistake it for their steady brew. In a nation where the major beer brands are lager light and getting lighter, Anchor Steam turns out a product that is dark, dense and slightly bitter. It is the antithe-



The arbiter of the quotidian: Herb Caen on Telegraph Hill

sis of what Brewer Fritz Maytag, a scion of the washing-machine family, calls "lawnmower beers." Some authorities, not all of them locals, call it the best beer brewed in America.

Produced in San Francisco since 1896, Anchor Steam acquired the second part of its name—or so legend has it—because early batches tended to geyser out of their wooden kegs when tapped. The brewery fell on hard times during the rise of the national brands, and it was about to go out of business when Maytag bought it in 1965. A novice, he became a master brewer and turned what some considered a wealthy man's hobby into a serious business. Last year Anchor Steam produced 33,500 bbl. of beer, and while most of that is sold in California, it is available in at least some stores in 22 states. With a retail price of \$4.99 a six-pack, Anchor Steam is not exactly a poor man's tipple. That should make the convention freebies taste all the better. Says Maytag: "When the beer is free, it usually sells fairly well."

Reddi-Wip Fog. Though July is one of the hottest months of the year for most of California, temperatures in San Francisco reach an average high of only 64° and fall to a dank and chilly low of 53°. Mark Twain, who lived in the city in the 1860s, is said to have remarked that "the coldest winter I ever spent was a summer in San Francisco." The reason is a stratum of fog that blankets the city for part of nearly every day, dropping temperatures as much as 15°. Many San Franciscans dress in layers of clothing that can be peeled or added as the sun goes in and out. San Francisco fog does not arrive on little cat's feet. It sluices toward the city from the Pacific Ocean in low, thick clouds that frequently obscure all but the top posts of the Golden Gate Bridge. A local radio announcer once described the approach of a summer fog as "seeing God out there in the ocean with a Reddi-Wip can in his hands."

The fog is caused by the collision of warm winds and cold water along the Pacific coastline, resulting in the formation of huge, low banks of moisture. Then, as temperatures rise and the atmospheric pressure falls in the Central Valley to the east of the city, these formations are sucked inland. Since San Francisco Bay is the only sea-level passage through Northern California's coastal mountain chain, the cool ocean air carrying the fog funnels into the city en route to the valley. The fog's swirls and twirls produce "microclimates," neighborhood-to-neighborhood variations in sunlight and temperature.

Culture Clash. Touches of Little Italy and Chinatown. The Beat-era City Lights Bookshop, where Jack Kerouac gave drunken poetry readings, and the Purple Onion, the takeoff nightspot for Phyllis Diller and the Kingston Trio. Iced Campari among jet-setters at Enrico's Sidewalk Café, and hamburgers among Oriental teen-agers at Clow Alley. White-shod tourists and Mohawked punks. Saints and sinners bathed in the garish glow of strip joints. This is the cultural clashpoint known as North Beach. Here, on a three-block stretch of Broadway, the barkers compete hoarsely for the business of the leery and the leering. The price of admission is free, the two drinks usually required are not (tab: \$6.50 each), and the entertainment is *de gustibus*—belly dancers at the Casbah, simulated live sex at El Cid, and female impersonators at Finocchio's.

The most famous architecture in North Beach belongs to the Condor Club's Carol Doda, who began baring it 20 years ago just before the 1964 Republican National Convention in San Francisco, and will provide affirmative action for the Demo-



Home-town flavor



crats four times a night next week. It is not an anniversary that many aging strippers would want to make a point of celebrating, but Doda says coyly, "I agree with Einstein, who said time is kind of a relative thing." Perhaps, and as long as the famous silicon implants that swelled her bustline to 44 inches remain a permanent thing, she may be right. But the Broadway strip scene gets a little seedier every year, and even Doda admits that change is inevitable. Says she: "You gotta go with the flow or stay stuck."

Yuppies and Yussies. For the convention's cosmopolites, there should be a shuttle service between the Moscone Convention Center and a five-block stretch of Union Street at the foot of Pacific Heights. Once a teeming singles scene, Union Street and its environs now offer a wide variety of trendy, late-night dining spots. The growing clientele of Yuppie couples at neighborhood drinking hangouts has muted the action, but Yussies (young unescorted singles) are not quite an extinct species. Perry's, which brought the singles to Union Street 15 years ago, is still worth a scan, and Rocker Boz Scaggs has opened a bar and country-cookin' restaurant across the street. A couple of blocks west on Fillmore, there are chance encounters aplenty at the Balboa Café and the new Golden Gate Grill.

By day, Union Street becomes one of San Francisco's most sophisticated shopping areas, with a pricey mixture of antique shops, clothing boutiques and luxury delicatessens. Some of the best bread in the city comes from Il Fornaio bakery. The neighborhood supermarket, Jergen-

sen's, stocks fresh beluga caviar and Maui onions. Says Alain Assemi, owner of a French and Italian women's clothing boutique: "Union Street is the Rodeo Drive of San Francisco."

Celebrity Salon. If things go as Walter Mondale hopes on nominating night, he will head for his favorite watering hole in San Francisco, the Washington Square Bar and Grill in North Beach. Since it opened a decade ago on the site of a former tavern, the Square has become the salon of choice for San Francisco politicians, media types, sports figures and an assortment of others who can either shout above

Stripper Carol Doda at the Condor Club



the din or do not mind it. Walter A. Haas Jr., executive committee chairman of Levi Strauss & Co., celebrated his 65th birthday during a surprise party at the Square in 1981. Last year Mayor Dianne Feinstein presided over a good-luck staff lunch at one of its dining room tables just before her triumph over a recall attempt. She received a standing ovation from the house as she entered.

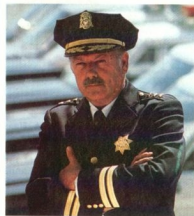
Presiding amiably over the chaos are three transplants—St. Louisans Ed Moose and his wife Mary Etta and New Yorker Sam Dietsch—who shared a goal of "opening a joint, a bar with some food," in Dietsch's words. The food is Italian *mezzo frillissimo*. Though much convention business will doubtless be conducted around the Square's white-clothed tables, Dietsch declines to use the term power lunch. Says he: "Power lunches are for those who have enough power not to go back to work." The house softball squad, *Les Lapins Sauvages*, plans to come out of semipermanent retirement during the convention to take on an Eastern media team headed by NBC Anchorman Tom Brokaw. Eligibility rules for the Square squad should give Brokaw cause for optimism. Says Dietsch: "You have to be a drinker and over 40, or at least have a doctor's certificate to prove partial liver damage."

Top Cop. As the man responsible for maintaining law and order at the convention, San Francisco Police Chief Cornelius ("Con") Murphy will not only command his own 2,000-member police force but also oversee 200 deputy sheriffs, 70 California highway patrol officers and 200 FBI agents. He has ordered work

Nation

shifts extended to twelve hours a day, introduced a 229-member squad specially trained to disperse rapidly and arrest violent demonstrators, and oversee the planning for every contingency from tipsy delegates to terrorist attacks. Says Murphy, whose headquarters will be at the police command post across the street from Moscone Center: "We foresee traffic as being our biggest problem. But no matter what happens, we are prepared to deal with it."

Murphy's 32 years on the force give him high seniority everywhere but inside his own family: his father Cornelius Sr. retired in 1965, after 38 years, with the rank of deputy chief, and his brother Daniel is chief of the department's intelligence division, with 34 years of service. Since winning the top job in 1980, Murphy has worked hard to instill discipline in a de-



Con Murphy with part of his fleet

partment that is relatively inexperienced (70% of its officers have been on the force five years or less) and that on occasion has lost control of crowds, most recently during a speech given by former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger in April. Soft-spoken but decisive, Murphy drives his own unmarked car and practices what he calls "management by walking around." Says he: "I know my department, and I know my city. There's a relationship there."

French Suite. When French President François Mitterrand visited San Francisco in March, he chose to stay in the \$1,500-a-day presidential suite of the Hotel Meridien because it is owned by a French consortium. Walter Mondale had other reasons for picking the same digs as his headquarters during the Democratic Convention, starting with its location one block from Moscone Center. By contrast, the other two Democratic presidential candidates will be staying a traffic-clogged half-mile away on Union Square—Gary Hart at the venerable Westin St. Francis and Jesse Jackson at the high-rise Hyatt.

The 35-story Meridien, opened last October, offers such determinedly Gallic touches as hand-milled French soap, breakfast croissants and a bilingual staff. From his four-room suite on the top floor, Mondale will have a panoramic view of San Francisco Bay to the east. The master bedroom is equipped with remote controls for opening and closing the draperies and for raising and lowering a television housed in a lacquered cabinet. The choice of ablutions includes a Jacuzzi-equipped bathtub, redwood sauna and multijet shower, all within reach of one of the bathroom's two telephones. The Democratic front runner apparently has only one misgiving about his hotel: according to Herb Caen, he has already sent his daughter Eleanor on a scouting expedition to find a decent cheeseburger.

Sister Boom Boom. No large gathering in San Francisco's homosexual community, including the gay rights march planned for the day before the convention opens, would be quite complete without the appearance of a figure clad in a hiked-up nun's habit, black fishnet stockings, and a tightly drawn wimple that sometimes fails to hold in an unruly shock of red hair. These have become the transvestite trademarks of Sister Boom Boom, member of the Order of Perpetual Indulgence, and the drag creation of a 29-year-old astrologer named Jack Fertig. Part put-on artist and part self-promoter, Boom Boom sparks reactions that run the gamut from righteous outrage to raucous approbation. Outside San Francisco, Fertig's bizarre alter ego has come to symbolize a climate of tolerance gone haywire.

Boom Boom's "order," which consists of about 20 other "nuns" who go by names like Sister Mary Media and Sister Sadie Sadie Rabbi Lady, has performed legitimate charity work by raising funds for AIDS victims and gay Cuban refugees. Fertig ran for the board of supervisors in 1982; with five seats open, he placed a respectable eighth, collecting 23,124 votes. Even some gays find it offensive when he wears a cross as part of his costume or mocks the sacred. But Fertig insists that he is genuinely, if not conventionally, pious. "The sisters share my own sense of absurdist theater," he says. "I believe that



Jack Fertig in transvestite getup

you can reach God through your own means."

Monster Bash. The convention's biggest party will be Monday night, when 10,000 delegates, alternates and guests will move directly from the official proceedings to Pier 45, near Fisherman's Wharf, for an extravaganza dubbed "Oh, What a Night." Amid miniature replicas of Telegraph Hill's Coit Tower, the Golden Gate Park's Japanese tea garden, Ghirardelli Square and 13 other San Francisco landmarks, conventioners will wander among open bars and mountains of ethnic foodstuffs from 9 p.m. to midnight in an area the size of four football fields. The \$250,000 fundango, paid for by private and corporate donors, is the brainchild of a master politician for whom partying is a way of life. Says California Assembly Speaker Willie Brown Jr., the state's most powerful Democrat: "If you can't drink it, drive it or wear it, it's not worth having."

The son of a Mineola, Texas, domestic worker, Brown grew up poor in a house with no indoor plumbing. After graduating from Mineola Colored High School in 1951, he followed a gambler uncle to San Francisco, worked his way through college as a janitor and shoeshine boy, and graduated from Hastings College of Law.

Brown's early clientele was prostitutes and pimps, but since his election to the state legislature in 1964 his list of clients has been considerably upgraded. The speaker is not exactly modest about his income or his influence: he drives a 1984 Jaguar, buys Brioni suits costing \$1,000 to \$1,800 by the closetful and plays shamelessly hardball politics in divvying up the \$1.5 million legislative campaign fund he controls. "I'm a pretty good bluffer," Brown allows. "And I also keep the game going until I win." —By William R. Doerner.

Reported by Michael Moritz and Dick Thompson/San Francisco



Mondale's bedroom at the Hotel Meridien

A Taste of the Bay Area

When their daily labors are done, the Democratic delegates will quickly learn the fun has just begun. Eating around seems to be one of San Francisco's favorite sports, partly because of the variety of cuisines represented, but also because of the attractive and relaxed settings, the friendly and unpretentious staffs, and prices that are fairly moderate, at least by New York standards. And on the morning after, the delegates will find that San Francisco affords above-average opportunities for early eating—call it breakfast, brunch or lunch—a distinct advantage considering the convention's afternoon-through-evening work schedules.

The quintessential San Francisco restaurant, for both food and atmosphere, is the venerable **Tadich Grill** (since 1849) in the downtown financial district. It is a noisy, attractively masculine place with dark wood paneling, a gigantic drinking and eating bar, and semiprivate alcoves in which regulars often shoot craps with house dice. There is a full menu of grilled meats and cooked dishes, but the real high spots are the broiled or pan-grilled local fish (petrale, rex sole, sand dabs, Pacific salmon) and the Hangtown fry (fried oysters and bacon folded into a pancake omelet). Good accompaniments are the thick-cut French fries, the hard-crustured sourdough bread and the fluffy homemade tartar sauce. Seafood cocktails, fried squid and Boston clam chowder are the best starters, and for a hefty dessert, the custard rice pudding burnished with nutmeg should be sampled. Tadich opens at 11:30 a.m., and the line shapes up about 11:15. The most relaxed time is between 2 and 5:30 p.m., and dinner ends at 8:30.

In sharp contrast are two very European, very graceful dinner restaurants, **Le Castel** and the **Lipzanner**, in the hilly, boutique-lined Marina/Pacific Heights district. The small rooms of Le Castel have Moorish arches and polychromed cornices that lend a cozy if incongruous Turkish atmosphere to an excellent French restaurant. Presentations are delicately nouvelle but flavors are solidly traditional. Winning choices are the vegetable or seafood terrines, the marrow on toast, the calf's brains in black butter, and main courses such as stuffed pigeon, stuffed leg of veal or pork fillet with figs in a port-wine sauce. No need to choose among the lavish pastries; the house will graciously provide a small slice of each.

Named for the performing white horses of Austria, Lipzanner is a crowded, convivial and stylish café where the menu is one-third Viennese, two-thirds Continental. Both the vegetable and scallop terrines are delicious first courses, as are the quenelles of salmon and prawns, the sorrel and oyster soup and the smoked quail on satin red cabbage. Sweetbreads, Dover sole with shrimp sauce and chicken with morels are far better than the uninspired schnitzel. The best of the elaborate Austrian desserts are the warm apple strudel, the cold chocolate-soufflé pudding and the nut-filled palatschinken.

San Francisco's most highly touted Chinese restaurant is

Hunan on Sansome Street, which opens at 11:30 a.m. Not all dishes are created equal here. Among the best are steamed pork dumplings in fiery chili oil, a richly complex hot-and-sour soup, cool and pungent salads of chicken or eggplant, and diced bean curd in an incendiary meat sauce. Other excellent choices are the pork in hot-and-garlic sauce, the hot-and-sour chicken and stir-fried shrimp or scallops.

The so-called new California cuisine (France's nouvelle cuisine prepared with local produce) is best exemplified at two restaurants in Berkeley, the place where it all began. The most celebrated is **Chez Panisse**, where Alice Waters operates an upstairs café for twelve hours a day beginning at 11:30 a.m. Her downstairs dinner restaurant is more pretentious and less interesting, featuring a \$40 no-choice menu, more or less Provençal in tone. Upstairs, where no reservations are taken, are pizzas and pastas with unconventional toppings, sprightly salads and small dishes that invite sharing. Mesquite-broiled main courses that include bloody chicken and half-raw fish are less engaging.

Similar fare is rightly turned out at the charming **Santa Fe Bar & Grill**, which also features live piano music. Both lunch and dinner are served, and the mesquite-grilled meats, fish and poultry are pleasant if less than brilliant. Intriguing first courses include the fettucine with Louisiana sausage and the black-bean cake with sour cream and salsa. Fruit tarts are better than other baked desserts.

Perhaps San Francisco's biggest bargain, at a mere \$4.50, is the ½-lb., hand-shaped hamburger on toasted

French bread served with chunky French fries at **Original Joe's** on Taylor Street. Open from 10:30 a.m. to 1:30 a.m., this is a classy joint, with plastic-upholstered cocktail lounge, a luncheonette with booths and countermeat who are dressed in tuxedos. Joe's Special, a scramble of eggs, ground meat, spinach and onions, at first seems ridiculous, then becomes addictive. A portion large enough for two is \$5.95. Hold the mushrooms!

Those needing a pick-me-up at breakfast can, beginning at 8 a.m., restore their spirits with a big bowl of light and buttery Boston clam chowder at the counter of the **Swan Oyster Depot** on Polk Street. This is a fish market that also serves sea-fresh shellfish cocktails. An even more adventurous breakfast is Chinese dim sum, the meat or shrimp-filled dumplings circulated on carts. At **Asia Garden** and **Hong Kong**, two very good dim-sum palaces on Pacific Avenue in Chinatown, barbecued pork in steamed buns, shrimp dumplings, chicken in foil and shrimp nests with quail eggs are savory and satisfying.

More conventional but no less delicious breakfasts are a tradition at **Sears Fine Foods**, an informal and friendly landmark on Powell Street just off Union Square. The specialties are the 18-to-an-order tiny pancakes and the French toast made with sourdough bread. Eggs are well prepared, and the smoked country sausage is a perfect complement. Fresh orange juice and a fruit salad arranged in a heavy goblet are standard, as is all of the good, strong coffee a bleary-eyed delegate can drink.

—By Mimi Sheraton

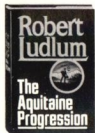


Dinner at Original Joe's: lusty fare served by waiters in tuxedos

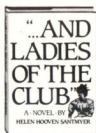
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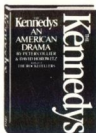
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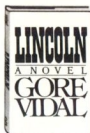
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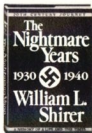
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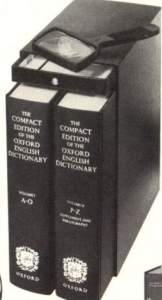
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4-64



Reagan explaining the U.S. position on arms talks to Dobrynin

Volleys over Outer Space

Washington deftly returns a suggestion for Star Wars talks

The suspense continued to build. Will U.S. and Soviet negotiators meet across felt-covered tables in Vienna next September, a mere two months before American voters choose a President? If they do, the most acrimonious breakdown in nuclear-arms-control talks between the superpowers in 15 years could be at an end, and one of the Democrats' most formidable campaign complaints about Ronald Reagan will be weakened. If they do not, the political argument will focus on who should bear most of the blame.

The Kremlin formally suggested on June 29 that talks be held to "prevent the militarization of outer space." It proposed a ban on antisatellite weapons, as well as on space-based systems designed to destroy ballistic missiles carrying nuclear

warheads. To the Soviets' apparent surprise, the Administration responded with a qualified yes, but it defined the agenda differently. National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane said that the U.S. would also insist on discussing ways to reopen the dual talks on Strategic Arms Reduction (START) and Intermediate-range Nuclear Forces (INF), which the Soviets abandoned late last year after NATO began deploying U.S. missiles in Europe. Although this was partly a political ploy, it made sense. Satellites are part of each nation's nuclear capability. Antisatellite weapons or space-based missile defenses would affect the nuclear balance, and it is difficult to discuss one part of the equation while ignoring the other.

Nonetheless, Soviet officials last week

charged that the U.S. proposal amounted to setting "preliminary conditions" on the space talks. They declared that this was "totally unsatisfactory," and that it amounted to a "negative reply" to the Soviet proposal. But over breakfast with Soviet Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin in Washington, Secretary of State George Shultz stressed that the U.S. had taken a "positive approach" to the Vienna talks. At a White House barbecue for foreign diplomats, Reagan and Shultz met Dobrynin and held an animated discussion with him. "We'll be there if you'll be there," Reagan told Dobrynin.

When British Foreign Secretary Sir Geoffrey Howe argued during a visit to Moscow that the U.S. position on space talks was reasonable and positive, Soviet officials reacted with icy disbelief. Howe called the White House to verify that no preconditions were being laid down. Even that did not help. During an official lunch for Howe, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko delivered a harsh blast at the U.S., declaring that Washington was bent on "intensifying the arms race and spreading it to outer space." Howe remarked to reporters that people might well conclude that "the Soviet leaders are even unwilling to take yes for an answer."

Reagan did nothing to soothe relations in an Independence Day speech at a "Spirit of America" festival in Decatur, Ala. Without specifically naming the U.S.S.R., he proclaimed: "The totalitarian world is a tired place held down by the gravity of its own devising, and America is a rocket pushing upward to the stars." Despite the purple prose, he seemed to be genuine about pursuing the talks. He wrote a personal letter to Soviet Leader Konstantin Chernenko, which echoed his public stand on the proposed space talks. The letter and a message from Shultz were given to Dobrynin to take back to Moscow. Heading home, the Ambassador

Who Has the Upper Hand?

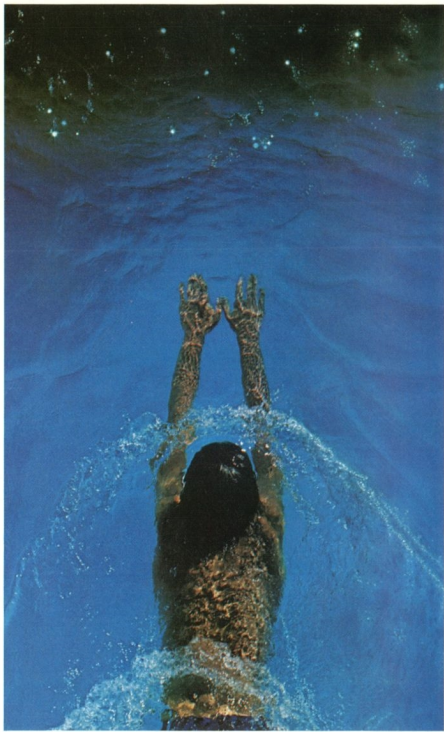
As the two superpowers consider talks about controlling space, the question arises: Which side is ahead? In antisatellite (ASAT) technology, the Soviet Union already has a crude ground-launched system that can destroy satellites orbiting at relatively low altitudes. But the U.S. is on the verge of developing a far superior system. As for the Star Wars idea of using ASAT technology as part of a ballistic-missile defense that would attempt to intercept enemy missiles before they can deliver their nuclear payloads, the U.S. has a solid lead in the infrared guidance that would be used.

The U.S. has monitored at least 20 tests of the Soviet ASAT weapon: a 150-ft.-long SS-9 rocket, which uses radar to home in on its target. It is not very effective at altitudes beyond 1,000 miles. All but 18 of the 100-odd U.S. satellites orbit higher than that, and some key ones are 22,300 miles away (where they remain in geostationary orbit over a single spot on earth). The Soviet rocket would take up to 90 minutes to intercept a target on the weapon's first orbit. Because it

uses radar, the system is vulnerable to electronic countermeasures. The Soviets have tested infrared homing devices, which are not detectable, but so far these have failed to hit their targets.

The U.S. is developing a 17-ft.-long, two-stage ASAT rocket launched into space from high-flying F-15 jets. The miniaturized infrared guidance device is so sensitive to temperatures that it can detect the presence of a foot-square block of ice in space at 500 miles. The F-15 can get airborne, launch its rocket and intercept a satellite within ten minutes. Concludes the congressional Office of Technology Assessment: "The U.S. air-launched ASAT weapon now undergoing testing is clearly technically superior to the present generation of Soviet ground-launched ASATs."

Aside from who is ahead, who is most vulnerable? Partly because of the U.S.'s technological edge, 70% of its military communications are now routed via satellites, compared with an undisclosed but much smaller percentage for the Soviets. "Without these satellites we can scarcely take off," claims an Air Force officer. "The modern Navy travels not by stars but by satellite," sums up a Navy captain.



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LIFE

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The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Eyes, Ears and Stomach

stepped off his plane during a London stopover to find a band playing the *Star-Spangled Banner* and a crowd waving American flags. The Administration was not responsible—it was all part of a July 4 salute to the U.S. from British Airways.

At week's end an official statement by TASS bounced the ball back into Reagan's court. The Soviets said there cannot be talks unless there is advance agreement on the subjects to be discussed. A Kremlin spokesman also insisted that a moratorium on testing of space weapons must begin whenever the talks do. White House Spokesman Larry Speakes found some "good news" in the statement, claiming that it meant "the Soviets are coming to the talks in Vienna." He predicted that arrangements would be worked out "through diplomatic channels."

Why did the Soviets make a surprise offer that played right into the President's political hands? The most prevalent theory was voiced privately by a Soviet official in New York. He said that his leaders had reluctantly concluded that Reagan would win re-election and that it was time to deal with him again on arms control. Others viewed the offer as motivated by a genuine fear of a space race; the Soviets are also concerned that the U.S. holds an advantage in high technology (see box). Another theory was that the Kremlin leaders had been confident that Reagan would reject talks on space-weapon limitations, which he has generally opposed, and thus would give Moscow propaganda points. In that, they failed.

█ Talks are held in September, the Administration will have to scramble to formulate its own negotiating position. Top officials at the Pentagon oppose any limits on antisatellite weapons or a moratorium on testing them. They want to test the newest such device in November. State Department arms experts, on the other hand, have been working on a variety of plans, including one that would permit each side to deploy one space-weapon system to knock out relatively low-altitude satellites, while limiting the destruction of high-flying satellites that are currently beyond the reach of any existing system. "We're willing to talk about anything," claimed a State Department official. "The Pentagon is willing to talk about nothing."

For his part, Reagan seems acutely aware of the political advantage of getting any kind of talks going with the Soviets. At the same time, he seems unlikely to agree to anything that would block his dream of a Star Wars defense system to shoot down attacking ballistic missiles from space—a scheme that will take decades to develop if it can be done at all. One State Department official summed up the U.S. bargaining situation: "I'd be surprised if we can define much in advance just what a U.S. position would really be. But the level of interest here has certainly soared." —By Ed Magnusson.

Reported by Erik Amftheatrot/Moscow and Johanna McGeary/Washington

By one estimate, Soviet Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin, 64, has performed rites over the carcasses of 2,500 cold salmon sacrificed in the search for world brotherhood. The salmon were nibbled into oblivion, but Dobrynin goes on, a monument to cunning and a thoroughly disciplined alimentary canal.

Last week the U.S.S.R.'s Ambassador sat at Ronald Reagan's dinner table. Then, in 48 hours, he was headed back to Moscow carrying his impression of the President and some private U.S. messages to his Soviet bosses, urging talks on the subjects of superpower tension. At the White House, during a dinner for the diplomatic corps, Dobrynin was served some of Bob Herdman's boneless strip sirloin barbecue, pinto beans, salsa, marinated artichoke hearts and toasted, buttered sourdough bread. Dobrynin got an all-American message: good fellowship with peppers.

The Ambassador has been in Washington for 22 years. His double chin has redoubled, his hair turned white. He has lived through four Soviet chiefs and six



Dobrynin presenting his credentials to J.F.K. in 1962

U.S. Presidents. Reagan planned his barbecue for the capital's diplomats long ago. As so often happens in statecraft, the event was seized as a device through which Reagan might send a message of sincerity to the Kremlin. In a way, Dobrynin is being tested. Does he have any clout in Moscow now? Does he even know who is in charge there?

In the old days Dobrynin could sometimes get 24-hour turnaround messages straight from Leonid Brezhnev. He had a private phone line from Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and a special parking place in the State Department's basement. All that stopped with Reagan's Administration. Dobrynin now goes in the State Department's public entrance. And so cold are U.S.-Soviet relations that it matters less whether Dobrynin has the instant ear of the Politburo.

Dobrynin broke in under John Kennedy. The Ambassador attended the famous meeting where Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko lied to J.F.K. about missiles in Cuba. Dobrynin survived because U.S. officials concluded he had not known about the missiles either. His sense of humor carried him through tough times. Eyeing a new Washington building with huge glass columns, he cracked: "Aha, that's where you are going to put your MX missiles." He jokes about being the man from the "evil empire." Dobrynin is, by one White House aide's account, the only Ambassador who "can talk, eat, laugh and listen at the same time."

Just as Dobrynin measures Presidents, so do Presidents measure Moscow by him. He gets remote when Moscow gets remote. He grows silent when the Kremlin gets confused. He gets tough when the Politburo gets angry. Back during the 1973 Middle East war, he was as cold and hard as an iceberg while the Soviets seemed to be planning to intervene. Within a few hours after the U.S. went on military alert and threatened confrontation, he was laughing about the whole misunderstanding.

At the barbecue last week Dobrynin was drawn aside in the Green Room by Secretary of State George Shultz, who underscored the seriousness of Reagan's offer to talk on almost anything at any time. Reagan also made these points, but the dinner conversation was designed more to show Reagan's good will. Dobrynin was headed for vacation, and is remodeling his dacha in the countryside west of Moscow. Reagan, axman and chain-saw artist, understands the problems and the joys of keeping a country place. The two men gestured animatedly, laughed, frowned and looked each other in the eye. Dobrynin's chins may even have grown a mite from the Tom's Mom's chocolate-chip cookies. It remains to be seen whether the way to the Kremlin's mind begins with Dobrynin's appetite and amusement.

American Notes

WASHINGTON

Bad Choice, Worse Timing

President Reagan, who has been working hard to spruce up his tattered image with environmentalists, planned to have a peaceable luncheon last week with leaders of five of the nation's major conservation groups. But instead of a fence-mending meeting, the President got a showering of Third of July fireworks. The cause: his announcement the previous day that he was appointing Anne Burford, who was forced to resign last year as head of the Environmental Protection Agency, as chairwoman of the National Advisory Committee on Oceans and Atmosphere. Emerging from the stormy 90-minute session, Jay Hair, executive vice president of the National Wildlife Federation, blasted the President for having made the Burford appointment "casually and carelessly and arrogantly."

In fact, the three-year appointment to the unsalaried 18-member advisory panel, which advises Congress and the Administration, was made quite deliberately. When Burford left EPA in March 1983 amid charges of mismanagement of the agency's toxic-waste-cleanup fund, Reagan told her he would eventually want her back. But the decision to make the controversial move the day before the luncheon was unplanned. Said White House Chief of Staff James Baker: "We all approved the appointment, but none of us approved the timing."



Anne Burford

LOS ANGELES

"Guilty" in the Morgan Murder

A few hours after the late Alfred Bloomingdale's notorious mistress, Vicki Morgan, 30, was murdered last year, her roommate, Marvin Pancoast, walked into a nearby police station and confessed. The homosexual Hollywood hanger-on, who had moved in with Morgan after she lost a \$5 million palimony suit against Bloomingdale two years ago, said he had bludgeoned her with her son's baseball bat to "help her sleep." But when his trial opened last month, Pancoast, 34, pleaded not guilty. His lawyers accused unknown persons of killing Morgan to suppress videotapes that allegedly showed her having sex not only with Bloomingdale, a Reagan adviser and former head of Diners Club, but also with several high-ranking Government officials.

But the defense failed to provide evidence of either the infamous sex tapes or a conspiracy, and the jury seemed unswayed by defense contentions that Pancoast may have been hypnotized into believing he killed Morgan. They needed less than five hours to find Pancoast guilty. Next week the same jurors will consider a second Pancoast plea, of not guilty for reasons of insanity. If found insane, Pancoast will be sent to a mental hospital. If not, he faces a maximum sentence of life imprisonment.

CIVIL RIGHTS

Off-Color Comments



Defender of the "agenda"

Ever since he was Governor of California, Ronald Reagan has had to fend off charges that he is insensitive to minorities. So there was surprise last week when the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights released two letters written by its black chairman, Clarence Pendleton Jr., to Reagan, criticizing the President for doing too much

to help minorities. Among the actions that Pendleton protested: holding a White House luncheon for Administration blacks. Wrote he: "You did not appoint people by color or gender. Why convene them for [that] reason?" He also chided Reagan for supporting "set-aside" programs that favor minority contractors.

Pendleton, a presidential appointee, has been an outspoken apostle of Reagan's civil rights creed, which includes opposition to quotas and other coercive remedies for discrimination. The letters apparently grew out of talks between Pendleton and two of the Administration's leading civil rights conservatives, Counsellor Edwin Meese and William Bradford Reynolds, the Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights. Their aim: to keep Reagan true to his conservative beliefs. Pendleton said he wrote the letters to let the President know "there are people who believe in his original agenda."

THE MILITARY

Sighted Missile, Sank Same

The AIM-54C Phoenix air-to-air missile has become a symbol for both critics and supporters of the Pentagon's penchant for high-tech weaponry: at \$950,000 a shot, it is designed to be launched from the Navy's supersophisticated F-14 fighter jets and to home in on enemy planes using computer-guided radar—when it works. Last week the Navy, which budgeted \$388.7 million for the missiles this fiscal year, publicly complained about the quality of the product. It told Hughes Aircraft Co. it would no longer accept shipments because of "marginal workmanship." Said one Navy officer: "It's quality control throughout the missile. When it's working, it's the best air missile in the world."

The Navy said it had discovered faulty welding and incorrect coding of electrical wires in the AIM-54C after a team of technicians disassembled a production-line missile last month. The Navy has already received 2,500 Phoenixes and has 373 more on order this year. A Navy technical team in Tucson is dissecting two more Hughes missiles to determine how serious the slip-ups have been. In the meantime the Navy is soliciting signs of interest from other suppliers. Said a Navy official: "I have a feeling this will shake things up quite a bit and Hughes will rapidly get its act into shape."



The AIM-54C: "marginal"

CRIME

Where's the Body?

The rumor in Laguna Niguel, Calif., was that Building Contractor Frederick Penney, 57, embittered by a divorce contest, wanted to hire a hitman to kill his wife. So an agent of the Orange County sheriff's department, posing as a killer for hire, arranged a meeting with the suspect. The upshot, say investigators: a \$3,000 contract to kill Susan Penney, 35. Half was paid up front; the balance was due after the deed, which was supposed to look like an accidental fall in the bathtub.

To prove that Penney was willing to make the final payment, police asked Mrs. Penney to pose as her own corpse in a fake coroner's photograph. Technicians created a deathly pallor with makeup. Said one officer: "She looked just like a corpse." Indeed, Penney tearfully identified his wife when police showed him the photo of the "deceased." Within hours, investigators say, he agreed to make the final payment. He was arrested when he arrived at the sheriff's office to take custody of his two children, who had been living with his wife.

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HONDA

The Civic 4-Door Sedan

CENTRAL AMERICA

Some Reluctant Friends

In Honduras and Costa Rica, concern about the U.S. presence increases

Not far from the sleepy fishing village of Trujillo on the Caribbean coast of Honduras, construction workers are toiling in the sweltering tropical heat to erect dozens of elevated wooden barracks. Each of the \$2,000 buildings is made to last. Those already completed make up the nucleus of the Regional Military Training Center, where 150 U.S. advisers have instructed 6,000 Honduran and Salvadoran recruits over the past 13 months. Near by, workers have constructed sandbagged guard positions and bunkers large enough to shelter every serviceman in case of attack. "These soldiers are facing a tough enemy," says an American trainer. "As long as there is

trouble down here, we've got to stay."

Near the dusty cattle town of Liberia in Costa Rica, members of the Civil Guard are listlessly chasing a stray hummingbird through their armory. "Actually, most of these guns are for the birds," jokes Colonel José Ramón Montero, a rice farmer who prefers T shirts to camouflage and diligently observes banker's hours. "These M-1s could have seen service at Normandy, and most of these weapons would be more valuable in Hollywood." His company's mission, however, is no scriptwriter's flight of fancy: his men are serving as a first line of defense against the Sandinista forces from Nicaragua, 30 miles to the north. Two months ago, when the Sandinistas began



López: repudiating his predecessor's policy



Honduran soldiers at a U.S. training center in their country...



... and the American troops who have come to instruct them in basic combat techniques

"As long as there is trouble down here, we've got to stay."

pounding the border checkpoint of Peñas Blancas, Montero had to charter a bus and haggle with local cabbies just to get his men out to the front. "I'm not asking for a tank," he sighs. "Just three pickup trucks."

Neither Honduras nor Costa Rica is currently at war. But both border on Nicaragua, whose imposing military buildup and revolutionary Marxist rhetoric have caused its neighbors alarm. Both are also bases for thousands of U.S.-backed *contras*, Nicaraguan rebels fighting to overthrow the Sandinista government. Now, to varying degrees, Honduras and Costa Rica are growing apprehensive about the close relationship with the U.S. that their geopolitical predicament has forced upon them.

In Honduras last week, officials were considering whether to revise the 1954 Bilateral Assistance Military Agreement, under which the U.S. can bring a wide range of military equipment to Honduran soil, and in particular a secret 1982 appendix that made possible the creation of the Regional Military Training Center. The government of President Roberto Suazo Córdova has also been discreetly pressuring some 10,000 Honduran-based *contras* to move into Nicaragua. After playing host to as many as 5,000 U.S. servicemen and conducting joint military exercises with the U.S. almost continuously over the past 18 months, Honduras now houses fewer than 700 U.S. troops and has asked that the exercises be scaled down.

Costa Rica too has resisted U.S. attempts to turn it into a stronger military buffer against Nicaragua. Last week, in a show of independence from Washington, President Luis Alberto Monge announced that he had obtained \$154 million in loans from Western European nations. The

neutral Costa Rican government also ousted a *contra* spokesman by canceling his tourist visa.

Beyond their fears that the presence of U.S. troops could actually incite Sandinista attacks, both countries fear that a military buildup could drain money from civilian economies that are already in dire straits. Honduras has virtually ceased payment on its \$2 billion debt to foreign banks and international organizations, a move almost unnoticed during the Argentine debt crisis. Capital flight in the past



Suazo: concern about a guest's friends

two years alone has been estimated at \$1 billion. Although Costa Rica is substantially better off (it receives more U.S. aid per capita than any other country except Israel), it can barely meet the interest payments on its \$4 billion foreign debt.

When U.S. forces first arrived in Honduras last summer, an enthusiastic welcome awaited them. The American trainers quickly whipped the lackadaisical local forces into shape and upgraded the Honduran arsenal: in place of World War I-vintage French equipment, it now includes at least two dozen 105-mm howitzers. The Americans were further encouraged in their mission by the effective leader of the country, Army Commander in Chief Gustavo Alvarez Martínez, a zealous friend of the U.S. and sworn enemy of the Sandinista regime.

But the honeymoon proved short-lived, as the Hondurans have begun to suspect that the temporary U.S. presence might soon prove permanent. On the streets of Tegucigalpa, the Honduran capital, U.S. servicemen now attract baleful stares. When two G.I.s in a pickup truck hit a local student last May, an angry mob focused on the vehicle and set it ablaze. Most important, after ousting Alvarez in a barracks coup last April, General Walter López Reyes lost no time in publicly repudiating his predecessor's policy as a "distortion in the use of power, which endangers Honduras' peace-loving and democratic policy." Negotiation with the Sandinistas, he implied, was preferable to confrontation, and the economy was more important than the military.

"If you have a guest in your house, the first week you have breakfast and the talk is friendly," explains Jorge Arturo Reina, leader of a dissident faction of Honduras'

ruling Liberal Party. "After a month, your wife begins to ask when he is leaving. The second month, you ask him directly what his plans are." Nor is any foreign military presence likely to be popular in a country in which barely half the population is fully employed and per capita income is only \$600 a year. Although in the present fiscal year the U.S. is committed to sending Honduras \$168 million in economic aid, vs. only \$78 million in military aid, the Suazo government would like to receive even more compensation for its sup-



Monge: preserving a democracy's neutrality

port. "We have wonderful relations with the U.S.," says Government Spokesman Amilcar Santamaría, "but we believe the level of U.S. [financial] cooperation could be higher."

Honduras maintains, in addition, grave reservations about the uninvited friends its guest has brought along. The Tennessee-size nation of 4 million has during the past year been crowded with soldiers from three foreign countries. Apart from U.S. troops, Honduras has provided a home for thousands of *contras*, whose hit-and-run operations along its borders have served only to inflame the threat of Nicaraguan retaliation. At the U.S.-run training camp in Trujillo, meanwhile, the Americans have been graduating twice as many soldiers from neighboring El Salvador as they have Hondurans, in an effort to bolster that country's fight

against the rebels. That ranks many Honduran officials, who recall the 1969 war between the two countries and still believe, as an opposition leader puts it, that "once El Salvador settles its internal problem, it will set its sights on us again." In the past three months, the Honduran government has insisted that there be as many Honduran trainees as Salvadoran and that it, rather than the U.S. advisers, determine how many Salvadorans enter the country.

To the State Department, such defiant gestures indicate a change of degree, not of direction, in Honduran policies toward the U.S. But the country's newfound assertiveness also suggests that its sense of pride may have been wounded. "Honduras has always been the stupid child of the region, and what has happened with the U.S. shows it even more," complains Gilberto Goldstein, president of the Honduran Sugar Producers Association. That feeling was exacerbated when Secretary of State George Shultz paid a surprise visit to Nicaragua leaders in Managua two months ago. It seemed to many Hondurans that Washington might be angling to resolve its differences with Nicaragua privately, peaceably, and over their heads. "At the insistence of the U.S., Honduras has been taking a hard line," points out a Honduran political scientist. "And now we're being made to look like fools."

Costa Rica, by contrast, has sought to defend nothing more than its own implacable neutrality. Ever since a brief revolution in 1948, the country has had no army, no tanks and no troops. Indeed, its defense force might almost have been recruited from the chorus of a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera. The air corps consists of seven planes; the 250-man company that is assigned to defend the capital of San José relies for transportation on a single Land Rover. More than half the 8,000 members of the Civil Guard are traffic policemen, who until recently wielded no instrument more deadly than a screwdriver (for prying license plates off illegally parked cars). Costa Rica's most powerful weapon is the 81-mm mortar, but there



Costa Rican Rural Guards check the registration of a truck heading toward Nicaragua. A defense force that might have been recruited from a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera.

World

are only six of those in the whole country; and their ammunition, bought 30 years ago, no longer explodes.

Such insouciance perfectly suits the region's showcase democracy. Costa Rica's 2.5 million citizens, most of them middle class, thrive on a relaxed and tolerant ethos founded upon a spirit of gentle compromise. For three decades the government has concentrated on building roads, schools and hospitals instead of arsenals. The country now boasts the highest per capita income in Central America (\$1,520) as well as the lowest illiteracy rate (under 10%). "The last thing this country needs is an army," maintains José ("Don Pepe") Figueres Ferrer, the first President of neutral Costa Rica.

That happy nonchalance may, however, be a luxury for which Costa Rica will have to pay a price. In the past two years the country has become a home for the 3,500 anti-Sandinista *contras* of the Revolutionary Democratic Alliance (ARDE) and, in the process, a target for Nicaraguan reprisals. Just three months ago, after ARDE Chief Edén Pastora Gómez used his Costa Rican base to launch a 36-hour attack on the Nicaraguan port town of San Juan del Norte, Nicaragua struck back by firing 60 rockets at the Costa Rican border settlement of Peco Sol. Not long before the Sandinistas began assaulting the border town of Peñas Blancas, Costa Rican President Monge sent an urgent message to Washington asking that a shipment of \$7.85 million in promised military aid be sent posthaste.

Hard-liners within the Reagan Administration seized upon that request with glee. One low-level State Department cable even proclaimed that it "could lead to a significant shift from [Costa Rica's] neutralist tightrope act and push it more explicitly and publicly into the anti-Sandinista camp." Although the message did not reflect of-

ficial policy, once leaked it produced an understandable outcry in Costa Rica.

Actually, Costa Rica violated its military abstinence three years ago, when the Sandinistas began drawing closer to Cuba and the Soviet Union. At that point the government accepted \$30,000 from the U.S. to send local guards to be trained in Panama, and allowed Washington to supply the nation with boots, tents, Jeeps, radios and even some low-key training. Last year the U.S. offered to rebuild a main road through the dense jungle in northern Costa Rica.

It seemed hardly coincidental to Costa Ricans that the road could serve to ferry troops and matériel northward in the event of an attack by Nicaragua. They were nonetheless willing to accept the offer until Under Secretary of Defense Fred Iklé injudiciously announced that hundreds of military personnel would be responsible for the project and that their presence "would be the first such joint exercises in Costa Rica." With a menacing Nicaragua urging it to remain on the sidelines, Costa Rica began backing away from the road project, then canceled it. Two months ago, 30,000 Costa Ricans flocked into the streets to reaffirm their country's neutrality.

Costa Rica's dilemma is partly of its own making. Its pacific tradition has long made it a haven for exiles of all political stripes: it now houses some 16,000 refugees from El Salvador, 10,000 of them unregistered. It is home to 3,500 exiles from the Sandinista regime, though just five years ago it allowed free rein to Sandinista rebels fighting to bring down Nicaraguan Dictator Anastasio Somoza Debayle.

In the final analysis, neither Costa Rica nor Honduras will be satisfied with its military situation until it has made progress with its social and economic woes. And until Washington appreciates this, the U.S. is unlikely to be fully welcomed or trusted in either land.

—By Pico Iyer.
Reported by Ricardo Chavira/Tegucigalpa and David DeVoss/San José

First Step

Guatemala opts for moderation

There was good news for the Reagan Administration last week in military-dominated Guatemala, where U.S. influence is weak at best. Some 1.8 million voters braved four-hour polling lines, tropical rainstorms and a bewildering array of political choices to cast ballots in their country's most open and fraud-free elections in more than a decade. In the race for a new 88-seat Constituent Assembly, citizens gave a strong show of support to moderate civilian political parties and issued a sharp rebuff to the military and the longstanding oligarchy that have ruled the country since a CIA-backed coup in 1954.

One of the big winners was the center-left Christian Democratic Party, led by Vinicio Cerezo Arévalo, 41, which captured 22 Assembly seats. Tied for first place was the moderate Union of the National Center, led by Jorge Carpio Nicolle, 51. Guatemala's traditional ultrarightist party, the Movement of National Liberation, took 21 seats. Both Cerezo and Carpio predicted that they could fashion a majority by making deals with some of the 14 other parties in the contest.

The elections were only the first step on the road to civilian rule. General Oscar Humberto Mejía Victores, who took power from General Efraín Ríos Montt in a coup last August, called the elections in March as part of his promise to return Guatemala to democracy. But he took pains to remind the competing politicians that their mandate was limited to writing a new constitution and preparing for presidential elections in July 1985. Ten days before the vote, Mejía appeared on national television, flanked by 27 armed-forces commanders, to declare that he would take "whatever means" necessary against the new Constituent Assembly if it tried to replace him with a provisional President. Said a Guatemala City lawyer: "The power is still in the hands of the ones who have the machine guns."

Even so, the election marked progress for a country with one of the worst human rights records in the hemisphere (116 political killings and kidnappings a month). The results might also earn a small reward from the U.S. Congress, which is currently studying an Administration request for \$10 million in "nonlethal" military aid for Guatemala, after a seven-year embargo on such assistance. Summed up the Rev. Kenneth Baker, a Jesuit priest and one of eleven official U.S. observers at the elections: "We have seen a tremendous hope in the future, but not necessarily a certainty."



Mejía



At the battle for San Juan del Norte, Costa Rican-based *contras* hurry a comrade to safety. Sandinista pressure and the guerrillas' presence put an end to happy nonchalance.



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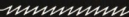
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World



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BRITAIN

The Man in the Diplomatic Crate

A Nigerian exile's bizarre kidnaping infuriates Thatcher

The episode seemed to come straight out of the Len Deighton novel *Only When I Larf*. But the intrigue was real, and it swiftly swirled into a diplomatic tempest. As a Nigerian Airways Boeing 707 bound for Lagos prepared to take off last week from Stansted Airport, 30 miles outside London, police cars raced along the tarmac and braked in front of the jet. Scotland Yard detectives jumped out and ordered the plane unloaded. Coming upon a bulky wooden crate nailed shut, British customs officials pried open the lid with a crowbar. What they found confirmed their suspicions: slumped on the floor of the box was a man drugged unconscious and bound with rope.

The unorthodox cargo turned out to be Alhaji Umaru Dikko, 47, who served as Nigeria's Transport Minister until a military coup ousted the elected government of President Shehu Shagari last December. Dikko was not traveling alone. Sitting alongside him in the 4-ft-square crate was a man armed with a syringe and drugs to keep Dikko sedated during the flight. When the police unsealed a second box, they found two more men, unbound and conscious, who were later identified as Israelis.

The bizarre incident infuriated British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, who is still smoldering over a similar abuse of diplomatic privilege last April, when a gunman in the Libyan embassy in London fired on protesters outside, killing an English policeman. Foreign Secretary Geoffrey Howe immediately summoned Nigerian High Commissioner Halidu Hananyia, the country's ambassador, for an explanation. "Impossible," Hananyia declared after the half-hour meeting.

"My country does not get involved in things like that."

Six hours after the police uncrated Dikko, Nigeria ordered a British Caledonian Airways jumbo jet that had just taken off for London with 216 passengers aboard to return to Lagos. The passengers were allowed to leave the plane, but Nigerian security officials continued to detain both the jet and its 22-member crew. "Our aircraft and crew are still being held by British authorities," explained Government Spokesman Wada Maida. "Consequently, we are holding theirs." On Saturday, both aircraft were released.

There was little doubt that Nigerian officials were eager to bring Dikko home. A brother-in-law of ousted President Shagari, Dikko had reputedly built a billion-dollar fortune by, among other things, manipulating the price of rice imports. In exile, he has become a vehement critic of the military regime headed by Major General Mohammed Buhari. Nigerian officials also contend that Dikko helped plan and bankroll an attempted coup by a radical cadre of junior officers last Easter. While denying that his country played any role in the aborted kidnaping, Hananyia said that he thought "some patriotic friends of Nigeria" were responsible.

Only the quick thinking of Scotland Yard saved Dikko from an unwanted journey home. Shortly after noon on Thursday, Dikko left his neo-Georgian house in the leafy London neighborhood

of Porchester Terrace. Suddenly two armed blacks ran across the road and grabbed him. As mothers and children scattered in fright, the men wrestled Dikko into a yellow van and sped away. Elizabeth Hayes, Dikko's private secretary, reported the kidnaping at 12:40 p.m.; within half an hour Scotland Yard alerted all airports and harbors in the area. When two large crates bound for Lagos arrived at Stansted, customs officials notified the police.

Scotland Yard later questioned 17 people, including Dikko's three crate companions, none of whom claimed diplomatic immunity. According to Home Secretary Leon Brittan, the police had the right to open the crates because, although they were addressed from the Nigerian High Commission to the country's Ministry of External Affairs, they were not designated diplomatic baggage. As an added precaution, customs officials invited a Nigerian diplomat to supervise the opening of the crates.

The incident leaves the Thatcher government in a quandary. In the aftermath of the Libyan embassy fiasco, when diplomatic immunity prevented Britain from arresting the gunman, Thatcher came under growing pressure to reprimand the Nigerian government. Yet Britain has long enjoyed close relations with Nigeria, a former colony, no matter who was in power. Exports to the West African nation totaled \$1.2 billion last year, and British firms have poured \$3 billion, or 40% of all foreign investment, into Nigeria.

What the two Israelis were doing in the neighboring crate remains a mystery. Although the authorities would not even publicly confirm the men's nationality, British intelligence officials were convinced that the kidnap operation was organized and carried out by Mossad, the Israeli intelligence service. Ties between Israel and Nigeria have grown closer since the military took over. Israeli advisers have been supervising industrial and farming projects in the African nation. In exchange, Nigeria has broken ranks



The victim, Dikko

with much of black Africa by discreetly backing Israel in the United Nations. In Tel Aviv, an Israeli official described the charge of complicity as "baloney."

Though Dikko arrived at Hertsmere and Essex Hospital outside London in "poor condition," he regained consciousness after his first night. He was to remain at the clinic until doctors determined what drug had been administered to him. Given his recent experiences, Dikko may welcome the surroundings: his hospital floor is heavily guarded 24 hours a day.

—By James Kelly,
Reported by Frank Melville/London and James Wilde/Lagos



Sam
Donaldson



Lynn
Sherr

THE



Richard
Threlkeld



Sander
Vanocur

WINNING

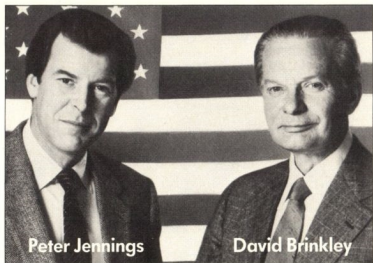
TICKET.



George
Will



James
Woolen



Peter Jennings

David Brinkley

STARTING MONDAY JULY 16 9PM/8PM
CENTRAL
THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION

ABCNEWS SPECIAL 

The **84**
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World

INDIA

Show of Force

Troops move into Kashmir

There was an eerie sense of familiarity to the drama. For hours on end last week planes filled with heavily armed Indian paramilitary forces thundered into the airport outside Srinagar, capital of the mountainous northern Indian state of Jammu and Kashmir on the border with Pakistan. In the overwhelmingly Muslim city (pop. 550,000), black flags of protest flew as at least 6,500 soldiers and police enforced a curfew with the threat of shooting violators on sight. Regular air traffic to and from Srinagar was cut off. The last civilian airliner to leave the capital, with 264 aboard, was hijacked by flee-

Maulvi Farooq, an Islamic zealot whose followers are fervent admirers of Pakistan. Mrs. Gandhi has long feared secessionist tendencies in the strategic state, where Muslims outnumber Hindus by 3.9 million to 1.8 million. The Prime Minister's anger increased when Abdullah joined with politicians from other states whose intent was to form an anti-Gandhi alliance for the national elections that she must call by January 1985.

Last January Mrs. Gandhi's Congress (I) Party gave its rough response. Party militants led street riots against the Chief Minister, and in the ensuing violence nine people were killed and hundreds injured. In March Mrs. Gandhi asked the state governor to impose a form of direct rule that would bypass Abdullah and his government. When the governor refused, he was replaced by a Gandhi loyalist. Con-



Ousted Chief Minister Abdullah addresses a throng of supporters

"We shall begin a massive civil disobedience program at all levels of life."

ing Sikh extremists. The plane landed in Lahore, Pakistan, where the hijackers surrendered to the authorities after having held the passengers and crew hostage for 20 hours.

A month after she ordered the bloody assault in Punjab against Sikh fanatics at the Golden Temple of Amritsar, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi had once again pounded her fist in the name of buttressing India's system of centralized government. Mercifully, there seemed to be little immediate likelihood in Srinagar that the action would lead to the type of bloody confrontation that claimed more than 600 lives in Amritsar. The troops had been sent to Jammu and Kashmir to keep the peace as the state government was being rocked by New Delhi's ouster of the freely elected Chief Minister, Farooq Abdullah. The beneficiary, and undoubted instigator, of the incident was Mrs. Gandhi and her Hindu-dominated Congress (I) Party.

Abdullah, 46, is the leader of the Muslim-oriented National Conference Party. He became a leading target for Mrs. Gandhi's enmity in June 1983, when he won 46 of 76 state assembly seats in fiercely contested local elections; the Congress (I) Party won only 26. During the campaign Abdullah forged an alliance with Mirwaiz

gress (I) Party politicians then secretly promised state government cabinet posts to twelve National Conference Party assemblymen, led by Abdullah's brother-in-law, in exchange for their agreement to abandon the Chief Minister and thus deprive him of a majority in the assembly. Kashmir's new pro-Gandhi governor then dismissed Abdullah, first taking the precaution of calling in the Indian army.

Abdullah denied that he advocated secession from India, and vowed to fight back. He declared, "We shall begin a massive civil disobedience program at all levels of life here, but it will remain non-violent." Mrs. Gandhi's latest show of strength is unlikely to damage seriously her standing among the 83% Hindu majority of India's 746 million population. The explosive resentments in Kashmir, however, have added to the strain of other sectarian agonies in India: the rebellion that continues to disrupt neighboring Punjab, and the Hindu-Muslim animosity that has simmered for months in India's northeastern state of Assam. The question many concerned Indians are asking is whether Mrs. Gandhi is a bulwark against disruptive regionalism, or one of its principal causes.

—By George Russell.

Reported by Dean Brelis/Srinagar

LEBANON

Rice, Not Rifles

A security plan takes hold

The Lebanese Army retook Beirut last week, but not with guns blazing. As the tanks and armored cars rattled through the streets, people peered over bullet-pocked balconies and cheered. Some women tossed rice and rose water at the grinning soldiers. While one brigade pushed through East Beirut, where most of the Christians live, another swept through predominantly Muslim West Beirut, reclaiming neighborhoods that had been controlled by local militias since February. The army units converged on the "green line," the dread boundary splitting the city, and bulldozed its makeshift banks of dirt and rubble. The city's airport is scheduled to open this week for the first time in five months. "When I hear the first plane fly into Beirut, I will know the very worst is over," said Khalil Deir, a Lebanese barber.

Air traffic will be one of the results of a security plan designed to pave the way for power-sharing talks among Lebanon's clashing factions. The actions not only marked the first success for Prime Minister Rashid Karami's two-month-old government, but reflected the crucial mediation role played by Syria. Nonetheless, a decade of civil war has left the Lebanese understandably skeptical about the chances for lasting peace. As a headline in Beirut's *Daily Star* newspaper put it, ROSE WATER, RICE AND RESERVATIONS.

Even last week's accomplishment almost never came about. After hand-picking Karami, a Sunni Muslim, in April, the Syrians pressured Lebanon's warlords into joining his Cabinet. Its meetings, however, took place against a backdrop of daily artillery duels between rival militias. As the fighting grew worse, Syrian Vice President Abdel Halim Khaddam met with the Cabinet at President Amin Gemayel's residence at Bikfaya. According to Lebanese officials, a furious Khaddam promised tough Syrian measures if no compromise was reached. A newly attentive Cabinet appointed a Maronite Christian to head the 25,000-man army, but it also set up a six-member military council made up of representatives from the fractious sects. Before the army regained control of Beirut last week, the militia forces abandoned their posts and hauled their military equipment out of the city.

Militia commanders remain suspicious that the cease-fire will be used by their opponents only to consolidate positions before the next bout of warfare. While President Gemayel has accepted in principle reforms that would give the Muslims a bigger role in running Lebanon, the precise details have yet to be worked out. Unless progress comes quickly, rice and rose water could give way once again to rifles and revenge. ■



Hungry people scratch the ground for grain dropped from a relief truck

MOZAMBIQUE

Death Haunts a Parched Land

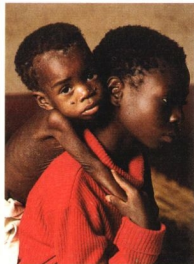
Starving thousands take a trail of tears to Zimbabwe

They stumble along on dusty dirt paths. Emaciated, frail and ravaged by hunger, they are on a desperate journey for food. Some are blind, a result of vitamin A deficiency, or sick with pellagra, diarrhea, cholera and various starvation-related diseases. Diplomats and relief officials estimate that as many as 150,000 have walked through the desolate bush of northern Mozambique into eastern Zimbabwe in recent months. For every one who has made it to the border, another is believed to have died along the way.

There has been no rainfall in many parts of Mozambique for three years, and the earth, the grass dwellings and even the sky have turned a deadly ashen hue. International relief officials in the capital of Maputo estimate that 170,000 Mozambicans have died since the drought began. A United Nations situation report issued in early June predicts that Mozambique's famine will probably worsen through the year and reach its most critical stage early in 1985. U.N. officials in Mozambique say that 1.5 million people out of a population of about 13.4 million are already totally dependent on foreign relief supplies.

In many places there is no food to be had at any price. Says Dr. Kate Gingell, a British physician at a hospital in the northern province of Tete: "Money is useless here. You can't buy food that isn't there. So you see people scrabbling through litter for food, and you see people literally dropping dead in the street. People come to die on my veranda." One man told how he and his family hiked for more than a week to get to Zimbabwe from Tete. "There is nothing there," he said of his home territory. "We were walking through villages of death. In village after village, people wanted to come with us, but they were too weak." During the 75-mile journey, two of his four children died. Many of the refugees simply criss-

cross the border in search of food, but officials estimate that about 46,000 have remained in Zimbabwe, some of them encamped at bus stations and marketplaces and in fields. The Marymount Mission near Rushinga in northeastern Zimbabwe is serving a daily ration of beans and soup to refugees. Although local Mozambicans have been generous to the Mozambicans, who are of the same tribe, the Shona, their country is also stricken by drought and there is little food available. However, the U.N.'s World Food Program has agreed to supply Zimbabwe with foodstuffs worth \$1 million to feed the refugees. Prime Minister Robert Mugabe's government and the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees have set up three large camps, and plan for two more.



A mother carries her malnourished child
Crossing a border to find food.

Mozambique's hospitals are overflowing with famine victims. Most are skeletal and silent. At a hospital in the coastal town of Vilanculos, two brothers, Georgio and Joao Simbini, ages ten and 13, lie side by side in a ward filled with emaciated children. They are the only survivors of a family of eleven who walked 65 miles from their village in search of food. Members of a U.S. congressional delegation that toured eight drought-stricken African nations earlier this year were shocked when they got to Mozambique. "There was an immediate disaster taking place," says Missouri Senator John Danforth. "What I saw was acute starvation. Emaciated bodies, sticklike limbs and distended bellies were everywhere we looked." CARE, the international relief organization, has gone into Mozambique to survey the country's needs and coordinate relief efforts. The U.S. has pledged \$16 million to buy roughly 66,000 tons of grain, part of a \$150 million emergency food appropriation for victims of the African drought in 18 countries.

The immense problems of getting food to remote areas, however, are compounded by the guerrilla war being waged by the estimated 15,000 rebels of the Mozambique National Resistance against the nine-year-old government of President Samora Machel. The insurgents were organized by white-ruled Rhodesia in the mid-1970s. When that country became independent Zimbabwe under black leadership in 1980, South Africa became the main source of military and other support for the anti-Machel rebels. Since then, they have helped ruin Mozambique's economy by repeatedly sabotaging power lines, cutting off roads leading to the main port of Beira and destroying or damaging rural centers used to distribute food and fertilizer. The *bandidos*, as the Mozambicans call them, have burned down 100 health centers and clinics, kidnapped and murdered government workers and officials, destroyed supply trucks and, in April and May alone, killed 157 civilian relief workers. In March, Machel signed an agreement with South Africa aimed at stemming the rebel activity. The accord called for South Africa to withdraw its backing for the resistance movement and for Mozambique to end its support of the African National Congress, a fervent opponent of South Africa's racial policies. Yet fighting in Mozambique has intensified.

In recent weeks, 1,600 tons of grain, donated by the Dutch government, as well as medical supplies and clothing, have begun to arrive by air and road from Malawi. Food and materials are also being sent by boat from Maputo to the coastal towns of Inhambane and Vilanculos. But the problems of distribution are heartbreaking. Says a U.N. official: "When an airlift of grain arrives at a distribution point, there are no trolleys to move it, no pallets on which to stack it and no warehouses in which to store it." —By Marguerite Johnson.

Reported by Peter Hawthorne/Maputo

World Notes

ARGENTINA

Generals Take Early Retirement

Since Argentine President Raúl Alfonsín came to power seven months ago, he has been striving to bring to account the generals who ran the country for nearly eight years. But his efforts to prosecute military men for the human rights abuses that led to the deaths of at least 10,000 Argentines has led to growing dissension within the army. Last week Alfonsín moved to quash the opposition to his civilian government by ousting four top generals.

The strongest action was the forced retirement of General Jorge H. Arguindegui, who was named Chief of Staff by Alfonsín shortly after the President took office. General Ricardo Pianta, a career officer said to be independent of both the nationalist and conservative wings within the armed forces, was appointed to succeed Arguindegui. For the moment there appeared to be no threat of a military coup. But there was an ominous warning: as the dismissals were being announced, a bomb exploded on the roof of a Buenos Aires TV station that was airing the details of an official report on the abuses under military rule.



President Alfonsín

THE PHILIPPINES

A "Girl Scout's" Day in Court

Philippine First Lady Imelda Marcos may not be everyone's idea of a "little Girl Scout." But that was how she described herself last week when she made an unexpected appearance before the government-appointed board of Justice Corazon Agrava to answer questions about the assassination of Opposition Leader Benigno ("Ninoy") Aquino Jr. in August 1983. Dabbling tears from her eyes, Mrs. Marcos, in a voice breaking with emotion, told how she had done everything in her power to save the life of her husband's chief political opponent. She vehemently denied reports that during a meeting with Aquino in New York three months before his assassination, she had warned that neither she nor her husband could prevent Marcos loyalists from harming him if he returned home.

Mrs. Marcos' evidence came at the end of the eight-month-long investigation into Aquino's death. Despite contradictory testimony, the Marcos government has continued to stick by its story that Aquino was killed by a hired gunman in a Communist plot. Justice Agrava did little to appease suspicions that her board has been too soft on government witnesses at the end of Mrs. Marcos' testimony. Agrava asked everyone present to sing *Happy Birthday* to the First Lady, who turned 55 that day.



Mrs. Marcos testifies

THE GULF

Countering Blow with Blow

By the basic rules of Persian Gulf warfare, every military action produces an equal reaction. Fortnight ago, Iraqi planes struck two tankers near the Iranian oil depot at Kharg Island. Last week jet fighters with Iranian markings attacked the Japa-

nese-managed supertanker *Primrose* as it was carrying oil from the Saudi Arabian port of Ras Tanura. The 276,424-ton vessel suffered only minor damage, and no injuries were reported.

Iranian pilots have been careful to target only tankers that have come from ports in Kuwait or Saudi Arabia, two nations that have contributed generously to the Iraqi war chest. But after at least one of their planes was shot down last month by U.S.-made F-15s of the Saudi air force, the Iranians avoided attacking any vessels in a stretch of water from Kuwait: to the tip of Qatar, an area that is watched by U.S. AWACS planes leased to the Saudis. Last week's strike on the *Primrose* came about 120 miles east of that zone in an area that had been relatively free from air strikes. This extension of the tanker war to the waters of the lower gulf raised questions about the safety of shipping near the United Arab Emirates, a country that has tried not to get actively involved in the long and bloody Iran-Iraq dispute.

FRANCE

The Communist Party Divided

A significant factional struggle appears to be going on inside France's Communist Party. On one side stand the so-called traditionalists, among them durable Party Chief Georges Marchais, 64, who favor close ties to Moscow and oppose party reforms. On the other are the so-called modernists, including Marcel Rigout, 56, one of four Communist ministers in President François Mitterrand's Cabinet, who want to loosen ties with the Kremlin and open the party to greater internal democracy.

The party's disagreements were made public last week when the French newspaper *Le Monde* quoted Rigout as calling Marchais a "man of failure." During off-the-record conversations with journalists, Rigout charged that under Marchais's leadership the Communists have increasingly come to be seen by French voters, especially young people, as "the party of the Gulag." Rigout was reacting to the results of last month's elections for the European Parliament, in which the Communist share of the national vote plummeted to 11%, from 16% in 1981 and 20% in 1979. Rigout vigorously denied his remarks once they were published, but the journalists who had been present confirmed his surprising outburst.



"Modernist" Rigout

NICARAGUA

A Chilly Souvenir from Moscow

Soviet Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov was briefing a top-level Nicaraguan delegation over dinner in Moscow earlier this year. Emboldened by vodka, Defense Minister Humberto Ortega Saavedra demanded of Ustinov, "Are you with us to the end, or will you abandon us to the U.S.?" According to an ex-Sandinista official, Ustinov stared back in stony silence and ignored the question. The next day, however, the Nicaraguans received a formal note from the Foreign Ministry saying that the Soviet Union would honor its ties of friendship and cooperation with the people of Nicaragua. But in the final analysis, the note added, Nicaragua's last line of defense would be Nicaragua.

The visiting Sandinistas got the message: Mother Russia is hibernating not only from its Western contacts but even from its allies. The Nicaraguans, who had come to Moscow seeking both arms and economic aid, left with little more than the chilly diplomatic note as a souvenir.



A landscape full of current and future models, from left: Chevrolet's 1985 Astro Van; Oldsmobile's new Calais; Ford's Continental Mark VII LSC;

Economy & Business

Rekindling an Old Affair

Once again, Americans are finding out that cars are fun

Summer is a time for rediscovering familiar pastimes: picnics, baseball games and trips to the beach. This season millions of Americans are enjoying a kind of fun they have not had in years: a spin in a sleek, shiny new car. More buyers are flocking to auto showrooms than at any time since 1979. Instead of fuel-sipping "econoboxes," people are choosing cars with pep and pizzazz that put pleasure back into driving. Says Len Scarano, general manager of the Arrow Auto Mall in Little Falls, N.J.: "A few years ago, people wanted to know only two things: the price and the gas mileage. That's not so true any more." Buyers are enthusiastic about sports cars, moving into minivans and jumping into Jeeps. Even full-size sedans, once thought headed for obsolescence, are staging a comeback.

During the first half of 1984, sales of American-made cars surged 26.5% over the same period a year ago. The biggest increase was in sales of mid-size cars, like the Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme, which were up 28%. Large and luxury cars showed a 22% rise. Ford led the industry with a 32.2% sales gain, and General Motors followed with a 26.1% jump. U.S. automakers expect to sell 8 million cars this year, up from 6.8 million in 1983, and earn a record \$10 billion in profits.

Increasingly, buyers are looking for cars that combine styling and performance. Despite the 55-m.p.h. speed limit,

they want quick, highly maneuverable vehicles. General Motors' Pontiac division, which had expected to sell 65,000 of its agile, two-seat Fiero (base sticker price: \$8,310) this year, now says sales will top 100,000. Momentum is also building for the \$15,500 turbo-powered Chrysler Laser and Dodge Daytona, which have a claimed top speed of 125 m.p.h. In California, one of the strongest sellers is the Chevrolet Camaro Berlinetta, a luxury sports car. Loaded with options such as a



sunroof, digital instruments and a cassette player, it sells for about \$13,500.

Though sales of new convertibles have not lived up to optimistic projections, they remain popular. Chrysler has sold 11,867 LeBaron and Dodge 600 convertibles this year, and Ford has moved 8,739 topless Mustangs. Jim Roberto, sales manager of Denver's Skyline Dodge, says he sells ragtops as fast as he receives them. This fall another convertible will debut: a canvas-top version of the American Motors subcompact Renault Alliance.

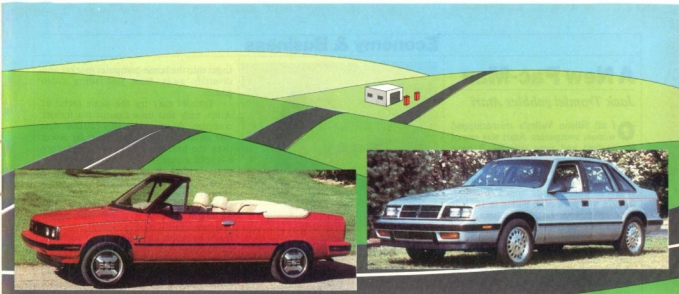
High-performance Japanese imports, including the Honda Prelude and Mazda 626, are in demand. But some of the most

popular models are in short supply, since Japanese manufacturers have agreed to quotas on their shipments to the U.S. That gives dealers a chance to make tidy profits. Kramer Motors Honda in Santa Monica, Calif., for example, adds a \$2,000 markup to the \$6,300 sticker price of the subcompact Honda CRX 1.5.

Chrysler inaugurated a whole new vehicle category last year with its minivan, which carries seven passengers and still drives like a car. Though its Windsor, Ont., plant is operating at full speed and will produce 180,000 minivans this year, Chrysler is hard-pressed to keep up with demand. Some dealers are charging a \$2,000 premium on each van. Due within the next nine months are two competing models: the Chevrolet Astro and Ford Aerostar. Industry experts think that minivan sales could go all the way to 750,000 a year.

Revised by falling gasoline prices, four-wheel-drive vehicles, including Jeeps and many trucks, have become the fastest-growing market segment. Jeep sales are up 108% in 1984. Says Joe Ricci, who operates dealerships in Florida, Illinois and Michigan: "It's become a cult car and status symbol." Not all of the cultists are men. Since the station wagon-shaped Jeep Cherokee was slimmed down, women have accounted for 30% of the sales.

The new enthusiasm of American buyers is, in part, belated acknowledgment that U.S. cars have changed. They



AMC's Alliance convertible and Dodge's Lancer ES, both due this fall. Below, diagrams and readouts in the Chrysler Laser warn of trouble spots

are more functional and aerodynamic in design, quicker to accelerate and easier to handle. Several models are frank imitations of such high-priced German cars as Porsche, Mercedes-Benz and BMW, but at prices as much as \$20,000 less.

The company that appears to have capitalized most successfully on new buyer trends is Ford. It revamped virtually its entire car line in a risky bet that customers would respond to sensuously rounded shapes characteristic of European models. So far the gamble has paid off. The Thunderbird, one of the most radically restyled, is selling 61% faster than a year ago, and sales of its sister car, the Mercury Cougar, have doubled since 1983.

Ford is also promoting performance. It jammed a mammoth V-8 engine into its compact Mustang and produced a car with neck-snapping acceleration: 0 to 60 m.p.h. in 7.2 sec. The luxurious Continental Mark VII LSC has been redesigned for better handling. It has a new slippery shape and a suspension system that uses air-filled rubber sacks instead of steel shock absorbers. Another manufacturer that has been especially successful with cars designed for demanding drivers is Pontiac. In addition to the Fiero, it has won over customers with its 6000 STE, a mid-size model aimed at wooing young adults away from expensive imports. The STE has a wedge-shape profile, six head-



lights in place of the usual four, and it handles like a European sedan.

While many Americans are sold on high speed and racy lines, some others still want a car big enough to take the whole family on vacation. Because Detroit has been limiting production of full-

size cars, dealers, especially in the South, complain they cannot get enough of them. Says Dick Strauss, a Richmond Ford dealer who is nearly sold out of the \$14,500 Crown Victoria, the successor to the Ford LTD: "Preferences haven't changed. The standard-size car is still the most desired, although not everyone can afford it." Tampa Dodge Dealer Hubert Brooks is also squeezed. Says he: "I can't keep a big car on the lot."

Few car shoppers today seem willing to scrimp on options. Says Daniel Dolce, general manager of Jersey City's DiFeo Buick: "People want the whole works. There is no such thing as a stripped-down car any more." Many consider power steering, door locks and push-button windows virtually standard equipment.

Among the newer options, stereo cassette players are the most popular. With four speakers and elaborate electronic controls, they can cost up to \$895. Explains Chrysler President Harold Sperlich: "People have more money now and they feel comfortable parting with it." The average price of a new car this year is \$10,760, up from \$7,591 four years ago.

Some 1984 cars are chockablock with electronic equipment. The Chrysler Laser, for instance, has a dashboard that displays speed in digital form and flashes messages like DRIVER DOOR AJAR or LOW OIL PRESSURE. Other models have computerized voices that provide the same information. But some buyers do not like the disembodied voices and have disconnected their units.

For drivers who find it exasperating to fold and unfold road maps, Buick this fall will introduce an electronic map display as an option on its Riviera. Drivers will be able to buy cassettes that contain electronic maps. When a cassette is inserted into the front-seat console, the map will appear on a TV-like screen on the dashboard.

Still in the planning stages is a map display that will pinpoint the location of the car by bouncing signals off a navigation satellite. Also in development are myriad other electronic devices: computer systems that adjust shock absorbers to different kinds of road surfaces; a device that eliminates engine idling by shutting the motor off and then restarting it with a touch of the accelerator; a trunk that can be opened by the sound of the driver's voice.

Meanwhile, Detroit is planning to introduce more European-influenced cars. This fall Chrysler will unveil its H-car line of four-door sports sedans that will include the LeBaron GTS and the



Dodge Lancer. Claims Chrysler Executive Vice President John Withrow: "We built this car to handle. It will out-BMW the BMW." Estimated price: \$9,000 to \$15,000. GM's fall offerings follow a similar theme: front-wheel-drive cars with a high-tech look. Known as the N models, they will be marketed as the Pontiac Grand Am, Oldsmobile Calais and Buick Somerset Regal. Their prices will start at around \$9,000.

Detroit hopes that these 1985 cars will keep buyers rushing to showrooms. Dealers, though, are already having trouble keeping the latest models in stock. When the village of Ridgewood, N.J., asked Teeterboro Chrysler-Plymouth to lend a convertible, as it has in years past, for the local beauty queen to ride in during the Independence Day parade, Sales Manager Alan Graf had to refuse. He was sold out.

—By Alexander L. Taylor III
Reported by Lawrence Mondl/New York and Paul A. Wittman/Detroit

A New Pac-Man

Jack Tramiel gobbles Atari

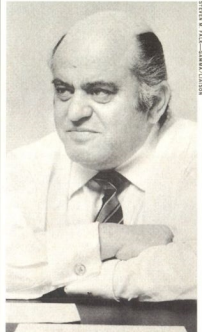
Of all Silicon Valley's microchipped wonder companies, Atari was one of the earliest and most colorful. It gave birth to the video-game industry and churned out amusements like Pong, Asteroids and the home version of Pac-Man. It saw its sales explode from \$30 million in 1976 to a peak of \$2 billion in 1982. It spun off famous employee alumni, like Steven Jobs, co-founder and chairman of Apple Computer. Physically, it spread to 49 buildings around Sunnyvale, Calif. But its fall came even faster, as a fickle public cooled to its video games. Losses hit \$539 million last year. Not even TV commercials featuring M*A*S*H Superstar Alan Alda could revive Atari. Last week Warner Communications, which has owned Atari since 1976, gave up on turning the company around and sold it. The principal buyer and new boss: Jack Tramiel, 56, a blunt, balding executive whose adage is "Business is war."

Tramiel, the former president of Commodore International, who built it into the leading home-computer manufacturer, will pay no cash for Atari but will pick up \$240 million of the company's debts. He will also get rights to buy 1 million Warner shares at \$22 each, about equal to last week's price. Warner, which evidently believes that Tramiel can succeed where it failed, will hold onto a 32% stake in Atari.

Tramiel moved swiftly and ruthlessly after arriving at Atari's headquarters in a two-tone Rolls-Royce. As industry experts saw it, he intended to dismantle Atari, regarding it as a start-up operation. He pushed aside Chairman James Morgan, 42, the former Philip Morris executive whom Warner had brought in last September to perk up the company. Morgan had tried to save Atari, chiefly by slashing its worldwide work force from 9,800 to 3,500.

Tramiel went further. He installed Sons Sam, Gary and Leonard in key management posts and sent out pink slips to some 70% of Atari's remaining U.S. work force of 1,100, leaving a skeleton crew of no more than 300 engineers, financial and marketing people and clerks. Atari's manufacturing facilities will be shifted and consolidated. One center in El Paso will be moved to Sunnyvale, and Atari's software production will be relocated to Taiwan.

The company's remaining executives quickly realized that Tramiel would not run the company by committee. Tramiel, says an associate, demands "full,



The boss at Sunnyvale: "Business is war" Unleashing a mighty flood of pink slips.

complete, undisputed authority." The new chairman's blitz would make Atari "leaner and meaner," said Vice President Bruce Entin. "The guy was in command. He was kind of like a general."

A Polish immigrant and survivor of the Auschwitz concentration camp, Tramiel has amassed a fortune estimated at \$100 million. He did it mainly by nurturing a typewriter business he founded 26 years ago into giant Commodore International (1983 sales: \$1 billion). He left the company abruptly and unexpectedly in January, apparently because he had trouble sharing power with other Commodore executives. In the following months, he took the time to tour Sri Lanka and Hong Kong and think about his future.

Tramiel became aware that Atari was up for sale seven weeks ago and began talks with Warner Chairman Steven Ross.

After arduous bargaining in Manhattan, Tramiel's son Gary and Warner representatives closed their deal at 5:30 a.m. on Monday of last week. By that time, Tramiel was flying to California in a private jet and was at Atari headquarters by 8:30 a.m.

That Tramiel would choose to buy control of Atari is ironic. As Commodore's boss, he had helped run Atari into the ground by slashing prices on his company's own popular home computers, the Commodore 64 and VIC 20. The strategy frustrated Atari's attempts

to get into the home-computer market and diversify away from fast-failing video games.

Tramiel may try the same tactic at Atari, only this time against his former company. Atari sold roughly 250,000 of its 800 series computers last year, far fewer than the average 1 million Commodore 64s sold annually. The best guess by experts is that Tramiel's first marketing move may be to try to reverse those numbers by drastically underpricing Commodore's products. Later, perhaps next year, he might develop a model that would compete against more powerful machines made by Apple and IBM for the sophisticated home user. The general's campaign has just begun.

—By John S. DeMott.
Reported by Michael Moritz/San Francisco and Adam Zagoria/New York

Buyout Binge

Fears about a Wall Street fad

Wall Street can be as slavish in following a financial trend as clothing designers are in copying fashion changes. This year's financial fad is the leveraged buyout. In these deals, the group of investors buying a company puts up the firm's assets as collateral. Since the loans needed for a leveraged buyout are thus backed by the company itself, there can be big profits for the investors, who often put up very little of their own cash. In one of the most celebrated leveraged buyouts, former Treasury Secretary William Simon and a group of financiers bought Gibson Greetings in January 1982 for \$80 million while putting up only \$1 million of their own money. Sixteen months later, Simon's group took Gibson public in a stock offering worth \$290 million. Simon's profit on the deal: \$66 million. Fortnight ago, Simon's Wesray Corp. launched another buyout: a \$71.6 million acquisition of Atlas Van Lines.

Once usually restricted to special situations involving relatively small companies, leveraged buyouts have become both popular and big. Last year there were 36 of them worth \$7 billion, compared with only 16 in 1979. In one of the biggest deals this year, executives of MetroMedia borrowed money to buy the company from its shareholders for \$1 billion. Senior managers at Pittsburgh-based Ryan Homes are also trying to take their company private by paying shareholders for it. Last week they bid \$176 million for the big home-builder. Other companies have been acquired by one of a number of investment firms, including Forstmann Little and Kohlberg Kravis Roberts, that specialize in buyouts. Forstmann Little, for example, bought Dr Pepper for \$640 million.

Wall Street has never been famous for its moderation, and now there are growing doubts about the soundness of the deals. John S.R. Shad, chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, has



Ousted Chairman Morgan

issued a surprisingly sharp warning. Said he: "The more leveraged takeovers and buyouts today, the more bankruptcies tomorrow." Reason: the companies are vulnerable to high interest rates and a downturn in business because of the large loans they have taken on to finance their own purchase. Shad's views echoed those of Felix Rohatyn, a senior partner in the investment banking firm of Lazard Freres, who believes that buyouts are too speculative. Says Rohatyn: "We are turning the financial markets into a huge casino."

Nonetheless, banks, pension funds and other lenders dazzled by the gains being made in leveraged buyouts have been rushing to assemble billion-dollar cash pools to be used for the deals. That will make more loans available to buyers who actually make the buyouts. Even small investors will soon be able to get into the game. The brokerage house of Dean Witter Reynolds plans to offer a leveraged buyout fund that will allow individuals to participate for as little as \$2,000.

But leveraged buyouts can be risky if a company does not earn enough to pay the interest on the huge loans that have been taken out. Debt payments can also divert funds away from investment in new equipment and research and development. A group of managers at Harley-Davidson, the motorcycle manufacturer, bought the company from AMF in a leveraged buyout in 1981, but racked up big losses the following year and had to ask for protection from Japanese competitors.

So far, Washington legislators and regulators have done little besides watch the buyout binge. But pressures are building to curtail the deals. Colorado Democrat Timothy Wirth, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Telecommunications, Consumer Protection and Finance, has announced that he will study the effects of buyouts on the availability of credit as part of an investigation of takeover tactics. Federal Reserve Board Chairman Paul Volcker, in a letter made public by Wirth, warned that the buyouts may expose companies to financial difficulties. The Federal Reserve, however, has so far declined to restrict lending for buyouts. Volcker says that measures like credit controls "would be very difficult to implement."

In recent years, no firms that underwent leveraged buyouts have failed. But Wilbur Ross, managing director of Wall Street's Rothschild Inc., warns: "The real test will come the next time you have a combination of high interest rates and a bad economic environment. When that happens, we'll see just how prudent some of these deals really were." As every sensible investor should know, a formula designed to create huge profits in good times can eventually lead to enormous losses in bad times.

—By Alexander L. Taylor III
Reported by Christopher Redman/Washington and Adam Zagorin/New York



After the fall: stranded travelers at the Miami airport trying to make alternative arrangements

Down on the Fourth of July

Air Florida files for bankruptcy and grounds its jets

Baggage-laden vacationers jammed Air Florida ticket counters at Miami International Airport early last week as the peak summer travel season got under way. But near noon on the day before the Fourth of July, flashing signs destroyed the holiday mood. Their message: Air Florida was immediately grounding its green-blue-and-white jets. The carrier (1983 revenues: \$218 million) had filed for bankruptcy. The abrupt halt stunned employees and left many passengers with shattered plans, scattered luggage and tickets that other airlines refused to honor. Said Faye Holub, who had intended to visit her grandchildren in Chicago: "They gave me a customer-service number to call for a claim, but I think I'll have to eat it."

While Air Florida's grounding was sudden, the once flourishing airline had been in trouble for some time. Founded in 1972 to fly within Florida, it grew rapidly at the end of the decade, when airline deregulation permitted wide-open competition. By 1980 Air Florida was offering low-cost flights to major East Coast cities and to Europe, and the Caribbean and Central America. But price wars blasted its profits, and aggressive rivals like Delta and Pan American flew off with much of the Miami-based carrier's business. Also damaging was the 1982 crash of an Air Florida jetliner in Washington that killed 78 people. Over the past three years the airline has had \$59 million in operating losses.

In recent months Air Florida has lurched from crisis to crisis. Several carriers stopped accepting its tickets in May after an airline-industry clearinghouse expelled Air Florida for failure to come up with \$2 million in late payments. Though a \$5 million loan from General Electric Credit Corp. helped Air Florida get reinstated, travel agents had become wary of booking passengers on its flights. Meanwhile, airports in New York, Bos-

ton, Orlando and other cities threatened to revoke Air Florida's landing rights because it was behind in paying its fees.

Executive changes have also riddled the company. Two months ago Chairman Donald Lloyd-Jones quit over differences with directors. He was replaced by Venture Capitalist J.R.K. Tinkle, who last week presided over the all-night executive session that grounded the carrier.

Ironically, the Air Florida bankruptcy comes just as the airline industry seems to be on the mend. After operating losses totaling some \$1.2 billion since 1981, scheduled U.S. carriers could earn more than \$1 billion this year. That turnaround reflects shrunken payrolls and the dramatically improved economy. Nonetheless, some airlines, like Republic and Western, have continued to struggle. Says former Civil Aeronautics Board Chairman Marvin Cohen: "It's possible there will be a further shake-out in the industry."

Air Florida's filing was the third by a large carrier since deregulation began. A slimmed-down Braniff returned to the air last March after entering bankruptcy proceedings in 1982. Last September Continental Airlines first filed for bankruptcy, then voided its union contracts and immediately resumed service, all within three days. Continental is continuing to operate under court jurisdiction while it works out a plan to repay its debts.

Air Florida, which has laid off most of its 1,200 employees, also hopes to take off again soon. At week's end the company was planning a resumption of its Miami-London run. Experts maintain, however, that the carrier's high-flying days are gone forever. "It may be able to make a niche as a charter operator," says one airline-industry insider, "but the outlook is not promising." If Air Florida does return to the skies, it could find them less friendly than ever.

—By John Greenwood.
Reported by Marilyn Alva/Miami



SEC Boss Shad

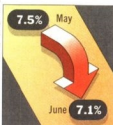
Business Notes

UNEMPLOYMENT

It's Off to Work We Go

HELP WANTED. Those welcome words continue to blossom around the U.S. at a pace so fast that even optimistic forecasters are stunned. Most economists expected the jobless rate to fall to about 7% by next year. But what they cautiously predicted has already come to pass. Last week the Labor Department announced that civilian unemployment fell from 7.5% in May to 7.1% in June, its lowest level in more than four years. Since November 1982, when unemployment hit a postwar peak of 10.7%, the brisk economic recovery has created at least 6.5 million jobs. A record 105.7 million Americans are working. One of the best gains in June was for black workers, whose jobless rate dipped to 15% from 15.8%. For black teen-agers, the rate fell to 34% from 44%. Among the sectors of the economy offering the most new jobs were construction and manufacturing.

The steepness of the decline in unemployment is causing some economists to fear that the recovery is moving too fast. An overheated economy, fueled in part by the huge federal budget deficit, could continue pushing interest rates upward and possibly reignite inflation. That might stall the American job machine as early as 1985. For the moment, though, the economy is humming along. Last month some 460,000 people went back to work. For them, punching a time clock never felt so good.



ELECTRONIC MAIL

From Zip to Zap

When it absolutely, positively has to be there, overnight delivery may not be soon enough. So Federal Express, which pioneered next-day private postal service, is now promising even greater speed. Last week the Memphis-based company launched ZapMail, its long-awaited version of electronic mail. For as little as \$25 for a missive of five pages or less and up to \$50 for a maximum of 20 pages, Federal Express will zap letters and documents across the U.S. within two hours.

Although electronic epistles have so far shown more promise than popularity, Federal Express hopes its entry will be a hit. Unlike services offered by rivals such as Western Union and MCI, ZapMail will not require customers to use computer keyboards to send messages. Instead, couriers will pick up and rush material to a Federal Express office, where clerks will feed it into a document scanner for transmission over land lines. At the receiving Federal Express office, a laser printer will spew out copies for couriers to deliver immediately. The firm even vows to give full refunds if documents are late.

ENERGY

Good News at the Pump



When Iran and Iraq started firing missiles and rockets at Persian Gulf oil tankers this spring, some energy experts predicted that gasoline prices would rise. But that has not been the case. Prices at the pump are drifting downward. The U.S. average was \$1.246 per gal. just before the Independence Day holiday. That was the lowest midsummer price since 1979 and

2.4¢ per gal. below last year's Fourth of July level. Prices for leaded regular have, in some cases, dropped to around \$1 in such metropolitan areas as Houston and New York.

The main reason for the good news is that cold weather caused higher than normal heating-oil demand during the last half of the winter. That, in turn, resulted in the production of more gasoline; two gallons of gasoline are produced whenever a gallon of heating oil is refined. The excess fuel went into storage tanks and is now helping to depress prices. The U.S. has gasoline stocks amounting to 250 million bbl., fully 13% more than at the same time last summer.

INSURANCE

Earthquake Coverage to a Fault

Most Californians yawn when the subject of earthquakes comes up, but for the worried few there is earthquake insurance. New policyholders paid premiums of about \$70 million last year, and public interest is growing. But a recent state report warns that many insurance companies would not be able to pay off all the claims they would face if a quake the size of San Francisco's 1906 calamity (8.3 on the Richter scale) struck again. Losses for a quake of similar proportions, says the report, would reach \$5.5 billion in Los Angeles and \$3.9 billion in the San Francisco Bay Area.

These estimates may fall far short of reality because they include coverage for structural damage only. Critics of the insurance companies warn that if a serious quake were to strike all major population centers along the California coast, claims could go as high as \$50 billion, when payoffs for loss of life, income and automobiles are included.

The companies go on writing earthquake policies anyway because they are enormously profitable. A \$100,000 policy costs the homeowner \$150 to \$200 annually, with a deductible of up to \$5,000. Yet payoffs have been minimal. Insurance firms have given out an average of only \$700,000 a year on earthquake claims since 1970.



San Francisco in 1906

AIRLINES

Take the Plaque, Not the Plane

Under a yellow-and-white-striped tent at the Harrisburg (Pa.) International Airport last week, 120 guests of American Airlines, including Miss Pennsylvania, sipped champagne as a band played *Happy Days Are Here Again*. The occasion was American's bubbly celebration of its new service between Harrisburg and Chicago. The highlight of the festivities was the presentation of a plaque to the first passenger booked on the maiden flight. The winner: Ron Rearick, 43, of Bellevue, Wash., who accepted the award and then gave his hosts a shock that flattened the champagne. He presented surprised officials with a copy of his book, *Iceman*, in which he described his unsuccessful 1972 attempt to extort \$1 million from United Airlines by threatening to blow up one of its jets in Salt Lake City.

An American Airlines spokesman, John Hotard, tried to shrug off the embarrassing episode. Said he: "It happened, and now all we can do is laugh about it." The details of Rearick's life emerged following the ceremony. After his arrest and conviction on an extortion charge, Rearick was sentenced to 25 years in a federal penitentiary in Washington State. But after less than two years in prison, where he became a born-again Christian, Rearick received a pardon.



Plymouth—the best built, best backed American cars—presents the 5/50 Horizon.

Best built American cars. Match it, anyone!
It's a fact. Plymouth has the lowest percentage of safety recalls based on National Highway Traffic Safety Administration data for '82 and '83 cars designed and built in North America. New Chrysler Technology achieved that. The same technology that designed, tested and built the 5/50 Plymouth Horizon. Match it!

Best backed American cars. * Match it, anyone!
The quality engineered into every 5/50 Horizon gives Plymouth the confidence to back them with a 5-year or 50,000-mile Protection Plan.* That includes protection on the engine, powertrain and against outerbody rust-through. No extra cost to you. Plymouth is the best built, best backed car in the industry. Match it!

Horizon with Automatic Transmission Package: \$6,648. Match it, anyone!**
Now get automatic transmission at no extra cost with this specially priced package: 2.2 liter engine, power steering, AM/FM stereo, console, center armrest, rallye wheels and dual remote mirrors.† Sticker price hundreds less than Cavalier, Escort L, Corolla Deluxe.‡ Match it!

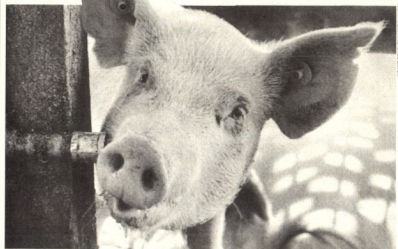
“Its considerable virtues have only improved with the passage of time.”

—*Car and Driver*, Dec. 1983.
Now in its seventh season, the front-wheel drive Plymouth Horizon is “better than ever,” says *Car and Driver*. Its optional 2.2 engine has “power aplenty.” “Horizon’s design has stood the test of time... has all the design features considered essential in a contemporary small sedan.” “Horizon is a fantastic bargain in its class.” Match it, anyone! Buckle up for safety.

5/50 Plymouth Horizon. Match it! (If you can.)



*Based on a comparison of manufacturers' warranties for 1984 American models. 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first. Limited warranty. Deductible applies. Excludes leases. See dealer for details. **Base sticker price with transmission package excluding title, taxes and destination charges. †Based on sticker price of options if purchased separately. ‡Comparison of sticker prices when comparably equipped to Horizon's Transmission Package. Standard equipment levels vary.



CHRISTOPHER HERTWICH/ONYX

Near Port-au-Prince, a pampered American porker suckles water from a tap

Eliminating the Haitian Swine

The death of island pigs could kill the peasant's way of life

For Haitian peasants, the native black swine, the so-called *cochon planche*, has long been a combination bank account, mobile garbage-disposal unit and occasional religious prop. Haitian farmers, among the world's poorest, have relied on the pigs to produce income for medical care, weddings, funerals and education. The long-legged, lean porker was also a helpful consumer of weeds and even human wastes. And of no small importance, *hougans* (priests) regularly appease their demanding Petro gods with the blood of a black pig, the preferred sacrificial symbol of voodoo.

But those Haitian pigs have virtually disappeared, and with them may go the peasant's way of life. Three years ago, when African swine fever broke out among local hogs, the Haitian government, with U.S. assistance, undertook a \$22 million one-year campaign that eradicated the country's surviving population of 400,000 black swine. Reason: U.S. agricultural experts feared that the disease would spread and wreck the \$10 billion U.S. pig business. Death squads wiped out the pigs of 800,000 Haitian families, paying \$30 to \$40 compensation for each animal killed. Wildlife biologists are now tracking down 40 or so feral pigs still at large.

Last year 2,000 sentinel pigs were sent from the U.S. and Canada to 505 locations in Haiti to test for the presence of any remaining African swine fever. Less than 1% of them have died.

That favorable result led to the first shipment four months ago of 500 prime Iowa breeding pigs, among them Hampshires and white Yorkshires, to pens outside the Haitian capital of Port-au-Prince.

Although they are now thriving in their roofed stys, nobody knows if these pampered replacement hogs will prosper or even survive the harsh life of their new homeland. The imported pigs were eating such food as wheat shorts and soya supplemented by vitamins and minerals, and drinking water from taps—all luxuries unknown to most Haitians, much less the old black hogs. Once the island is declared free of disease, the Haitian government, aided by a \$27 million Inter-American Development Bank loan, will restock the island pig population, establishing breeding and slaughtering facilities. The fear, however, is that this ambitious commercial plan will bypass the peasant.

The traditional Haitian black swine, raised on the island of Hispaniola since the 15th century, was a singularly hardy species; it was a cross between Spanish hogs brought over after the voyages of Christopher Columbus and indigenous wild boars. The 70-lb. pig could run swiftly and forage for itself. Indeed, so voracious was its appetite for waste that Haitians did not need outhouses: their pigs kept the neighborhood clean and disease-free. The hogs also rooted in the soil in search of tubers and root-destroying worms, thereby helping turn the earth for planting, ridding crops of insect pests and leaving behind nitrogen-rich manure as fertilizer.

As essential as the pigs were to the peasant economy, their fate was sealed once the African swine fever was discovered. An acute, febrile, highly contagious viral disease with a 99% mortality rate, it was initially recognized in Kenya in 1909. In 1971 it appeared for the first time in the Western Hemisphere, in Cuba, where 460,000 swine were killed to eliminate the

disease. In 1978 it turned up in the Dominican Republic after a local pig supposedly ate contaminated ham from Spain. The virus quickly jumped the 200-mile common border into Haiti. Haitians recall seeing pigs fall dead in their tracks on the road and in the fields. But no one was able to determine accurately whether the deaths were all attributable to swine fever, or to hog cholera or some other epidemic disease. Many Haitians contend that only a few pigs were afflicted with the dread African swine fever. Says one poultry raiser: "The farmers saw no reason for the pigs to be killed."

A bounty of \$300 is now being offered for any remaining black pig, dead or alive, that can be turned up. That is a huge sum in rural Haiti, but voodoo priests are rumored to be hiding some native swine for use in their rituals. Explains one priest: "Some little gods will accept a black goat in place of a pig, but the important gods will not."

Whether the Haitian land and Haitian peasant will also accept a substitute for the black pig remains doubtful. Many farmers, even if they can afford new U.S. stock, may have to wait as long as seven years for replacement pigs. "The loss is incalculable; a whole way of life has been destroyed," says one Haitian economist. "This is the worst calamity ever to befall the peasant." —By Natalie Angier. Reported by Bernard Diederich/Port-au-Prince

Old Faithless


A famed geyser misses its cue

After years of living up to its name, Old Faithful no longer is. For the past century, the famed Yellowstone geyser in Wyoming spouted just about every 70 minutes, shooting a stream of boiling water and steam some 130 ft. into the air for two to four minutes. Now, when eruption time arrives, the geyser sometimes burps and spits for 20 or even 40 minutes. Eventually, Old Faithful blows, but on its own fickle time.

The geyser's credibility gap is caused by an earthquake that shook the nearby city of Challis, Idaho, and the surrounding northern Rockies last October. The tremors interrupted the underground-water streams that feed the geyser from mysterious sources and diverted them into new channels. Visitors to Yellowstone Park are not entirely blameless either: over the past six months, the geyser has spewed up coins, bottles, a door hinge, part of a metal clipboard and random fragments of oak furniture.

■ Old Faithful





**SOMETIMES
THE CHALLENGES
OF THE ARMY
AREN'T JUST IN
THE ARMY.**

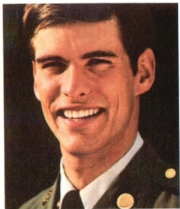
Dale Brynstad is a soldier with a dream. The 1984 Summer Olympics.

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The Army is full of people who are striving to be all they can be. For Specialist Dale Brynstad, and the Army's other Olympic hopefuls, that means striving to be the best in the world.

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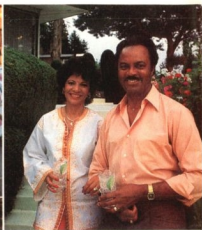
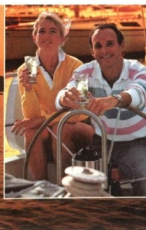
**ARMY.
BE ALL YOU CAN BE.**

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All across America, people are switching to Puerto Rican white rum because it's smoother than vodka or gin.



For "Jazz" skipper John Fisher, there's no better sailing than breezy Marblehead. And no better way to celebrate sailing than with a Puerto Rican white rum and tonic. Crew member Grace Rowe obviously agrees.



Above Seattle's Lake Washington, architect Ray Merriwether and wife Barbara enjoy rum and tonic.



At La Quinta Hotel's Tennis Club pro, Charlie Pasarell is right at home. So is white rum.



At Santa Fe's truly enchanting Rancho Encantado, equestrians Ramon Egan and Leslie Hammett clear the dust of a hot trail with a cool Puerto Rican white rum and tonic. That's Lori Peterson tending the horses.



Santurce, Puerto Rico residents Manny and Nora Casiano publish "Caribbean Business." Their drink... rum and tonic.



On the greens of this exquisite Seattle estate, croquet is the order of the day. While Dave and Danita Herbig wait for winners they enjoy another "order of the day"... Puerto Rican white rum and tonic.



Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness vodka or gin can't match. Because it's aged one full year—by law.



Composer Bruce Gilman and wife Nancy, a gourmet caterer, enjoy a warm New England afternoon and a cool white rum and tonic.

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Law

A Matter of Good Faith

The court ends a busy term with a major ruling on police searches

It was a very good year for prosecutors and police as the U.S. Supreme Court sliced away at various precedents to give more leeway to law enforcement. In completing its work for the term, the court last week handed down 19 decisions, including what one law professor called "a real get-out-of-town" ruling on a major Fourth Amendment search-and-seizure issue. Overshadowing their other opinions on such matters as women's rights and free speech, the Justices did what law officials had long hoped for and what civil libertarians had feared. For the first time they created a "good faith" exception to the so-called exclusionary rule, and allowed the use of some illegally obtained evidence in criminal trials.

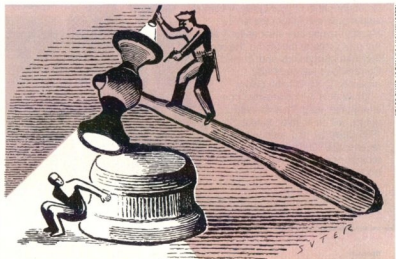
Although the opinion was less sweeping than some had predicted, the court held 6 to 3 that when judges issue search warrants that are later ruled defective, the evidence gathered by police may still be used at trial in most cases. In 1981 Alberto Leon was one of several people indicted on drug-conspiracy charges in California after police searches of their homes and cars had turned up a large quantity of drugs. A judge had issued the warrant, even though it was based on outdated information provided by an informant of uncertain reliability. Two federal courts later threw out much of the key evidence because the warrant had been issued without a showing of "probable cause" to believe a crime was being committed.

A second case before the court was the classic kind of legal horror story that leads critics to rail against the consequences of the exclusionary rule: a Boston detective, investigating a woman's brutal murder, had good reason to suspect her boyfriend, Osborne Sheppard. Unable to find the proper warrant form, the officer unsuccessfully tried to alter a form normally used in drug cases. A judge okayed the warrant, and Sheppard was convicted. But because of this technical imperfection, Massachusetts' highest court declared the search illegal and threw out the incriminating evidence, including bloody clothing, that had been found in the suspect's house.

The Supreme Court accepted the lower courts' determinations that both warrants were defective, but found that the police had acted in the good-faith belief that the searches they made were lawful. Justice Byron White argued that the principal justification for the exclusionary rule was to deter police misconduct. But when police have obtained what they reasonably think is a valid warrant, "there is no police illegality and thus nothing to deter," wrote White. "Penalizing the officer for the mag-

istrate's error, rather than his own, cannot logically contribute to the deterrence of Fourth Amendment violations."

If the police lie in seeking the warrant, or if the judge granting the warrant is not impartial, the court ruled, evidence in such cases may still be suppressed. But by and large, last week's decision means that if police officers get a warrant, defense attorneys will be unable to persuade trial judges to block the use of the evidence gathered with it. The ruling did not address the question of whether this good-faith exception would apply when police act without a warrant, but the court may look at that issue soon. Dissenter William



Brennan thought the majority had done enough already. "In case after case, I have witnessed the court's gradual but determined strangulation of the rule," he wrote. "It now appears that the court's victory over the Fourth Amendment is complete." David Shrager, president of the Association of Trial Lawyers of America, agreed. "Good faith is just a code word for saying we're sick and tired of the exclusionary rule," he complained.

Atlanta District Attorney Lewis Clayton, by contrast, was delighted, because "this ruling takes the technicality out and gives us more practicality, and that's what we need." Massachusetts Assistant Attorney General Barbara Smith argued that the decision would actually protect civil liberties by encouraging more officers to get warrants, because they no longer have to be concerned that "the court is waiting to pounce on them for the slightest error."

The Reagan Administration, which supports a broad good-faith exception,

was pleased, particularly by Justice White's statement that "the substantial costs of exclusion" outweigh "the marginal or nonexistent benefits produced by suppressing evidence" in these cases. Said Associate Attorney General D. Lowell Jensen: "It restores a better balance to the criminal justice system."

Whether it is "better balance" or overreach, the court has been tilting decidedly toward the prosecution, especially in search cases. That trend continued last week, prompting Justice John Paul Stevens to decry the majority's "voracious appetite for judicial activism... at least when it comes to restricting the constitutional rights of the citizen." In a Virginia case, the court found last week that prison inmates are not protected by the Fourth Amendment. Chief Justice Warren Burger, writing for a 5-to-4 majority, held that an inmate had no right to challenge

cell searches. "The recognition of privacy rights for prisoners in their individual cells," Burger wrote, "simply cannot be reconciled with the concept of incarceration." In a dissent that he took the trouble to read aloud when the decision was handed down, Justice Stevens said, "To hold that a prisoner's possession of a letter from his wife, or a picture of his baby, has no protection against arbitrary or malicious perusal, seizure or destruction would not, in my judgment, comport with any civilized standard of decency."

In another decision involving a special group, the court held, 5 to 4, that illegal aliens are not entitled to the protection of the exclusionary rule in civil deportation hearings because such a rule would unduly "burden" the administration of immigration laws. And in an exclusionary-rule case involving a suspected drunken driver in Ohio, the court held, 8 to 1, that the Miranda warnings on the right to remain silent and the right to

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Law



Former Jaycees Vice President Ebert

counsel need not be given to motorists stopped routinely by police; those warnings must be given, the Justices added, if the driver is placed in custody.

When the issues raised do not involve search and seizure or the exclusionary rule, the court's direction is less predictable. Last week's decisions again produced varied results. One case seemed to involve a ghost from the '60s: draft resistance. The court upheld, 6 to 2, a 1982 law that denies federal education aid to students who fail to register with the Selective Service System. Six Minnesota students, who are among 400,000 nonregistrants, claimed that the law forced them to incriminate themselves if they wished to qualify for federal aid. Not

for the majority, since "a person who has not registered clearly is under no compulsion to seek financial aid; if he has not registered, he is simply ineligible for aid." Applauded Selective Service System Director Thomas Turnage: "If you accept the benefits of society, you should accept the obligations associated with them."

While the court ruled that attaching strings to federal education aid is permissible, it would allow no such strings to prevent public broadcasting stations from speaking out. The court threw out a federal law that bars "editorializing" by educational television and radio stations receiving federal money. Justice Brennan, a court liberal writing for an unusual 5-to-4 majority that included Conservatives Lewis Powell and Sandra Day O'Connor, ruled that the federal ban is "directed at a form of speech—namely, the expression of editorial opinion—that lies at the heart of First Amendment protection." Dissenting Justice Stevens found that the prohibition was a reasonable effort to prevent the Government's fiscal power over stations from influencing editorial positions. "The court jester who mocks the King must choose his words with great care," Stevens wrote.

A second First Amendment case went the Government's way when the Justices decided that it had a compelling interest in limiting the media's right to picture U.S. currency. The case involved a suit filed by Time Inc. after Government agents informed the company that a full-color 1981 *Sports Illustrated* cover showing \$100 bills pouring through a basketball hoop was a violation of law. To prevent counterfeiting, federal law requires that publishers depict bills only in black and white and at less than 75% or more than 150% of actual size. The court turned down Time Inc.'s argument that the right of free expression was improperly restricted; a company spokesman said that Time Inc. would now consider lobbying for a change in Congress.

In one of the most important First Amendment cases of the term, the Justices unanimously ruled that a state law barring sex discrimination applies to the Jaycees, a national organization of 270,000 young business and community leaders in 7,000 chapters. The Minneapolis and St. Paul chapters of the Jaycees began admitting women in 1974 and '75. The national organization, steadfast in its men-only policy, threatened to cancel their charters. The Minnesota chapters fought back, citing the state's human rights act, which prohibits discrimination based on race or sex in public business facilities. The Jaycees argued in the Supreme Court that as a private fraternal group it was beyond the scope of discrimi-



Greenbacks must stay gray

nation laws, since such laws violated the organization's First Amendment right to "freedom of association." But, writing for the court, Justice Brennan concluded that "Minnesota's compelling interest in eradicating discrimination against its female citizens justifies the impact that application of the statute to the Jaycees may have on the male members' associational freedoms."

The ruling is expected eventually to have a broad impact on other private national groups that exclude women, but it is not yet clear which organizations might be affected. The status of such groups as the Boy Scouts and Kiwanis will have to await case-by-case tests. But the Minnesota Jaycees chapters did not have to delay celebrating. Kathy Ebert, former vice president of the Minneapolis chapter, had suffered through the 5½-year-long legal process as one of the original plaintiffs and happily called a press conference to savor the victory. As for Anne Nelson, a St. Paul banker and onetime local Jaycees president, she reports that on the day of the decision "we had 25 bottles of champagne on ice, and after work we did our best to get through them." —By Michael S. Serrill,

Reported by Anne Constable/Washington, with other bureaus

People

Not long ago, the British Museum passed up a \$7.5 million package deal on old masters' drawings from the Duke of Devonshire's collection. Bit of a mistake, that. Last week in London, Christie's auctioned off the 71 drawings for \$28.5 million, including a record-breaking \$4.8 million for Raphael's study of a head and

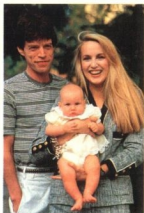
Travolta for the lead role as a reporter who works for a *Rolling Stone* editor, portrayed verisimilarly enough by *Rolling Stone* Editor **Jann Wenner**. The twins play two of the many "goodbodies" whom Reporter Travolta interviews during his investigation of the health-club scene. The Denver-born Bayne sisters had cooled on acting



Turner's *Seascape: Folkestone*, a \$10 million record breaker

hand. No drawing had ever before sold for more than \$1 million. No sooner had the gavel dropped than "the greatest picture ever painted," J.M.W. Turner's *Seascape: Folkestone*, was put on the block at Sotheby's. That modest assessment came from the previous owner, the late **Kenneth Clark** of *Civilization* fame. Others apparently agreed: the painting was sold to an anonymous individual for \$10 million and change, \$3 million more than for the previous record holder, also a Turner. Lord Clark's estate had offered the treasure to the National Gallery of Scotland for a mere \$3 million or so, but the museum pleaded poverty.

They may not dress alike, but undressed, **Stacy and Tracy Bayne** are an almost identical double exposure. Writer **Aaron Latham** did a double take when he spied the 22-year-old confessed aerobicholics working out in a California health club, and decided that they would be ideal for *Perfect!*, his new movie based on his *Rolling Stone* article "Looking for Mr. Goodbody." Latham, who turned an earlier story into *Urban Cowboy*, has once again lassoed **John**



Mick, Jerry and Elizabeth Scarlett

when they got the *Perfect!* opportunity. They also decided to do a little demure nude modeling in hopes of opening up some more Hollywood doors. "That's the work we like to do," says Stacy. "Wholesome, young and innocent."

After all these years, he may be getting some satisfaction. The new sparkle in *Rolling Stone* **Mick Jagger's** eye comes from **Elizabeth Scarlett**, 4 months, whose mother is Model **Jerry Hall**, 28. Though the



A *Perfect!* match: Actress-Models Stacy and Tracy Bayne

parents have not married, they did not want to shuck all tradition, and gathered grandparents for a christening two weeks ago in London. "I'm loving every minute of being Dad again," says Jagger, 40, who has two other daughters: Jade, 13 (by ex-wife **Bianca**), and Karis, 13 (by American Singer **Marsha Hunt**). The baby, he adds, has "Jerry's sweet disposition and my extravagant good looks."

For both fun and profit, **Armand Hammer**, 86, diversified his legendary business acumen into Arabian horses five years ago. The two top stallions of his 94-horse stable are the U.S.S.R.'s **Pesniar** and Poland's **El Paso**, both plucked from behind the Iron Curtain

with the Occidental Petroleum chairman's patented blend of bucks and brass. Poland's **Wojciech Jaruzelski** at first refused to sell *El Paso*, which he called "a national treasure," but a million dollars from Hammer helped change the Premier's mind. Hammer was in Florida last week for a show at a farm near Ocala that included 36 of his Arabians. The day before, the Armand Hammer Arabian Classic was run at Pompano Park. "Arabian horses are works of art," he says. "They are beautiful and lucrative." Hammer has been recommending them to friends. Talk Show Host **Merv Griffin**, 59, has already invested. Joked Griffin: "When Armand Hammer talks, E.F. Hutton listens." —By **David Finegold and Ho-Kyung Kim**



Hammer showing off horses from his Occidental Arabian herd

Sport

The Best of All Time?

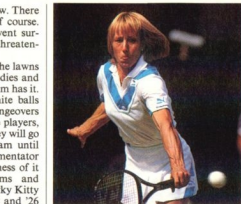
At Wimbledon, Martina Navratilova proves she has no equal

There are two Wimbledons now. There is the tennis tournament, of course. And then there is the media event surrounding it and, in recent years, threatening to overwhelm it.

The former is played "upon the lawns of the All England Club" by "ladies and gentlemen," as the official program has it. Its proprietors still insist on white balls and white tennis togs. At the changeovers they provide barley water for the players, and at the refreshment stands they will go on selling strawberries and cream until TV's last colonial color commentator ceases to remark on the quaintness of it all. Sometimes tradition warms and touches, as the appearance of perky Kitty Godfree, 88, winner of the 1924 and '26 ladies' championships, did, in the centenary celebration of women's play at Wimbledon. Sometimes, though, it seems a weak defense against the rude noises arising from the other Wimbledon.

That event is a free-form hubbub conducted largely in the sleazier reaches of journalism, for the benefit of an audience that does not know the difference between a lob and a drop shot and believes that when the great scorer comes to mark against your name, it matters not whether you won or lost but how you conducted yourself in press conference and bedroom. It may be that 1984 will enter tennis history as the year in which this vulgarly imagined (and reported) tournament, supplanted, in almost everyone's mind, the lovely reality of a game that remains one of sports' subtlest tests of skill and will. If so, it will mostly be because a pleasant and extraordinarily gifted young woman, by dint of disciplined effort, achieved dominance on the grass courts and, by reason of a certain careless openness about her private life, achieved unwanted dominance in the court of public opinion. Standing bleached-blond head and broad shoulders above the women's field, Martina Navratilova was, as she has been all this grand-slam year of hers, simply stunning; it was a moral victory when one opponent took up more than an hour of her valuable time before yielding in straight sets. But greatness can be boring, especially to the ignorant, and Navratilova left Wimbledon watchers with only two less-than-entertaining subjects on which to speculate.

The first was how one might possibly beat her. The only realistic suggestion came from Don Candy, Pam Shriver's coach, who proposed, "Drive over her



Lashing out with a dynamic backhand . . .



. . . leaning on her serve for aces . . .



. . . or making an acrobatic volley, Martina was a winner

The only way to beat her is to drive over her foot in the car park.

foot in the car park." But the consensus among the experts was "Play her like a guy," as Peanut Louie, her first-round victim, put it. In other words, serve and volley and try to beat her at her own power game. This led to much crocodile sympathy for her only real rival, Chris Evert Lloyd, the baseliner's baseliner, the deposed queen of the game and a woman widely held to be too old, too distracted by marital problems, too disheartened by eleven straight losses to Navratilova to give her a game. What everyone forgot is that good tennis strokes are good tennis strokes and that the reliable production of same, whether from backcourt or fore, is the essence of the contest. They also forgot that beneath her perfect manners, Evert Lloyd possesses a steely determination that is every bit the equal of her great rival's. They also failed to notice that Evert Lloyd's game steadily tightened as the tournament proceeded. It was not until she cleaned the loudly ticking clock of unpopular Hana Mandlikova in the semis (Mandlikova had implied both that she would brush past Evert Lloyd to reach the finals and that Navratilova must have a chromosomal screw loose somewhere) that it occurred to people that Chris might just give Martina a match.

And indeed she did. Up two breaks in the first set, drilling glorious passing shots down the lines and coming bravely, effectively to net, she lost in a 7-6 tiebreaker, then proved to be a tougher out than the concluding score of 6-2 indicates. With a new willingness to venture toward (where Navratilova says her opponent is better than she thinks she is) balancing her textbook ground strokes, Evert Lloyd has hope in future confrontations. But not a lot. Time and again, Martina reached back to deliver an unconquerable serve when she needed it, and her McEnroe-like athleticism at the net robbed Evert Lloyd of what would have been sure winners against anyone else.

Still, the fact that one had to wait this long to see a first-rate match, points up the age-old weakness of women's tennis: its failure to develop more than two genuinely talented players at any given moment. It is at least in part because of this that the attention of even its most devoted followers begins to wander. And that is where the likes of Judy Nelson come in.

The thirty-eightish wife of a Fort Worth physician and the mother of two, she was first noticed in Navratilova's extensive entourage at the French championships in May. She was all the tabloids could think about when Martina & Co. arrived to prepare for Wimbledon. They laid siege to the house the champion had rented for herself and

friends, made ugly inquiries about the relationship at postmatch press conferences. Soon Navratilova was calling some reporters "scum," forcing Wimbledon officials to warn that if personal questions were asked the player had the right to terminate the conference.

Still, the damage was done, not least to the perceptions of tennis followers. Because she long ago admitted her bisexuality, and because she is not, in Billie Jean King's phrase, "a cutie pie," Navratilova, even without controversy breaking around her, sometimes appears to be playing in a segregated tournament all her own. Wimbledon seems to give her less Centre Court time than a player of her stature deserves. And U.S. television did not cover one of her matches complete until there were virtually no other women's matches it could show. As a result, many people are unaware of the good humor with which she conducts her business. Her ferocious style makes it seem like she is "beating up all those innocent young girls," as she wryly puts it. Not so, says Peanut Louie: "It looks like she's having fun playing tennis. Even if you get murdered you don't feel so bad." In short, Navratilova is anything but a diesel truck steaming heedlessly toward immortality.

Around the lawns and locker rooms of Wimbledon last week connoisseurs were comparing her to the all-timers—Suzanne Lenglen, Helen Wills Moody, Mo Connolly, King—and speculating, as tennis people do, about how she would fare in dream matches against them. It is part of the respect anyone on the verge of winning this tournament five times gets. But even those who appreciate her no-weakness game tend to overlook the fact that she has come further emotionally than anyone else who has ever played this game.

Indeed, it is hard to reconcile this lean heavy hitter with memories of the chubby adolescent who came out of Eastern Europe more than a decade ago with an unreliable backhand, a gentle disposition that led her to give away games, and a sweet tooth for capitalism's material delights. Hard to reconcile this figure too with the bewildered defector of 1975, or the girl who cried in 1981 over her inability to win the U.S. Open. With astonishing grit she has overcome all that, while retaining, with people she trusts, the rather innocent and witty honesty that is among the sources of her troubles. "Professionally speaking," she says, "I'd like to be the greatest tennis player of all time. And, at 27, I still have a few years left for that." Reminded that last year at Wimbledon she was saying such a dominance was impossible, what with all the good young players coming up, Martina gave a 300-watt grin and admitted, "I lied." Last week, with her mid-size Yonex racket doing the talking, she told some tennis truths that no one now playing can possibly deny. And perhaps set a standard of all-around play that will endure for the rest of this century. —By Richard Schickel

Reported by Arthur White/London

Theater

Scoutmaster Superstar

HENRY V by William Shakespeare

It has often been said that if Shakespeare were alive today he would be not a playwright but a film maker. Case in point: *Henry V*. With its sprawling dramatic structure, a dozen "locations," some 40 speaking parts and a huge, climactic battle scene, *Henry V* just about qualifies as Shakespeare's epic movie script. SEE the lords of two great nations exchange nasty taunts and arm for Armageddon! MARVEL at the spectacle of soldiery and swordsmanship in the decisive battle of Agincourt! THRILL as the victorious monarch woos and wins the fair Katharine—in two languages! It is all here, and

whom he eerily resembles, Kline has shuttled successfully between stage (*The Pirates of Penzance*) and screen (*The Big Chill*). Last summer in Central Park he portrayed Richard III as a passionate black comedian who got sexual shivers from doing ill. Henry V offers a subtler challenge. Taken at handsome face value, he is the noble conqueror of a contemptuous nation. Henry is also a bit of a prig: "The cold-bath king," Ralph Richardson called him, "the exaltation of all scoutmasters." Beneath the glamorous raiment one can also glimpse the wily caustic who accepts the flimsiest excuse for invading



Kline in the wooing scene with Mastrantonio: clearing the air, tickling the heart

more (including some of the loveliest wordplay in English or French). No wonder the play's Chorus poor-mouths the restrictions of the stage and the absence of "things / Which cannot in their huge and proper life / Be here presented." And no wonder that the definitive *Henry V* is Laurence Olivier's 1945 film version.

For a movie script, a movie setting: a theater under the stars in Manhattan's Central Park. Since 1957, when a flatbed truck carrying Joseph Papp's touring Free Shakespeare Festival broke down near Belvedere Lake, Central Park has served as the backdrop, the chorus and occasionally the antagonist of the Bard's plays. So, as the storm clouds of war form on King Henry's brow, the summer sun sets abruptly, leaving audience and players in the dark. Henry addresses his troops before battle, and some low-flying aircraft provide martial rumblings. Henry and Katharine share their first kiss, and a police siren serendipitously whoops for joy. Is all the world a stage? Then Manhattan is a bustling sound stage.

For a movie set, a dashing movie star: Kevin Kline. Like the young Olivier,

France and courts his future wife knowing he has already won her as a spoil of war. Perhaps following Olivier's lead, Kline plays Henry as a hero and allows the attentive spectator to listen for the rogue, not between Shakespeare's lines, but in them.

The same can be said for Wilford Leach's staging. His colorful pageant measures out the play's ironies in dollops, like sherbet between courses at a picnic banquet. The palace confrontations are suitably imposing; the low comedy is practically subterranean; the battle scenes raise enough smoke to earn an EPA summons; the final love duet clears the air and tickles the heart. Here Kline summons all his manly charm, and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio (a dark-eyed delight in *The Human Comedy* on and off Broadway) is the Katharine of a monarch's dreams. He plays the shy wooden soldier; she recedes, ever so graciously, from the advances of a velvet-tongued suitor. Their tryst brings the evening to savory fulfillment, and should encourage Producer Papp to invite them back next summer to play Hamlet and Ophelia, or anything else they want. —By Richard Corliss

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Show Business

Bringing Back the Magic

The Jacksons, led by Michael, launch a controversial tour

They pulled it off. And a good thing too. For a while there it was looking a little close.

The Jacksons' Victory Tour, undertaken by Michael and his brothers as a fond and hugely remunerative farewell to familial musicmaking, was one of the most eagerly awaited and certainly the most ballyhooed pop-concert series of the year. It had also started to become the most controversial, in part because the tour organizers seemed at odds with one another and with the ideals that Michael, especially, has tried to embody. Tickets were too pricey; lots of fans were getting cut out. Disorganization and ill

A lot of—quite literal—bang for the buck.

This is not the usual rock show. Certainly it is not the usual rock-show audience. Perhaps no major entertainer has ever attracted as many preadolescent children as Michael Jackson has. At Arrowhead the audience of approximately 45,000 was filled with them, starting enraptured at all the whiz-bang effects. The older ones danced on their seats. The younger ones bopped around in the arms of their equally delighted parents. The night of music became a sort of day at Disneyland, and knowing Michael's much publicized dotting on the works of Old Uncle Walt, this surely was part of the plan.

By consensus of rumor, backstage gossip and onstage evidence, this is Michael's show all the way. The opening dispels any doubts on that point. In a blitzkrieg of light, sound, lasers and smoke, shuffling creatures that resemble Big Bird's pal Mr. Snuffle-Upagus re-enact a short, skewered version of *The Sword in the Stone*. The young man who yanks the steel out of the rock turns out, of course, to be our Michael, and the lasers reflecting off the blade into the far reaches of the stadium make him look for a moment like a dashboard saint from a head shop. This prologue is dramatic, funny and, at the end, nicely self-mocking. Spoilsports might argue that it does not have a great deal to do with the music, but then—along with cameras, alcoholic beverages and recording devices—spoilsports are not welcome at the Victory Tour. All those congenial security guards will see to it.

When the brothers get down to music and launch into *Wanna Be Startin' Somethin'*, Michael, in good voice and fine form, steps forward again. The brothers blaze their way through a set of 16 tunes, and except for three compositions by his older brother Jermaine, Michael sings lead on them all. He spins, prances, glides, soars and generally gives a vivid illustration of why, after the Victory Tour ends, he will resume flying solo. Michael is the clear star of the show—a Thoroughbred running with pacers—but he always was, even in the Jackson 5 days. No readjustments have been made to accommodate him. It is, simply, that the audience's perception of him is different now, and a good deal larger. He remains what he always was: the animating force, the major muscle, the man-child with all the magic.

The tour has both needed and suffered from Michael's heft all along. Besides freighting an amount of equipment unprecedented even for a rock extravaganza—375 tons of it in 22 semitrailers, in-



Michael hits the stage in Kansas City



Kicking out the stops, Michael steps into a song and, below, salutes the crowd

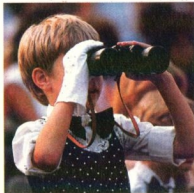


will were rampant. Greed was keeping pace with showmanship and good p.r. manners, and seemed to be gaining on both. So when Michael and four of his brothers took the stage last Friday night at Arrowhead Stadium in Kansas City, Mo., for the first show of a tour that will wind on into autumn, a lot was hanging in the balance.

The boys tipped the scales decidedly in their favor. No doubt about it: the Jacksons' tour is a real show-business extravaganza, a four-star eye-glazer and ear-bender replete with laser effects, magic tricks, assorted marvelous machines, sundry intermittent detonations, a finale full of fireworks. . . and, oh yes, a healthy portion of good solid funk. *Soul Train* meets *Star Wars* on the outskirts of Las Vegas.

cluding two outdoor stages and one indoor stage, 64,000 lbs. of sound-and-light equipment, and eleven hydraulic elevators—the Jacksons had to shoulder the weight of Michael's colossal celebrity. That might not, at first, seem like such a burden. It was the monster success of Michael's *Thriller* album, which seems to have turned into a kind of long-playing Guinness statistic (35 million copies sold to date; seven Top Ten singles off the album, of which two became No. 1), that made the brothers into a superstar attraction and moved promoters to promise astronomical advances to book the tour. If Michael had decided to stay home and play with the animals in his private zoo, it is doubtful that his brothers could have pulled down an advance of almost \$41 million for a tour or driven such tough bargains on profit participation in everything from T-shirt sales to stadium parking fees. Or got so much rotten publicity, either.

According to one of Michael's closest advisers, when it comes to matters of professional strategy or decision making, one of the world's biggest stars just says, "I'm one of six," and casts his vote with Jermaine, Tito, Marlon, Randy and Jackie. This is not a soul-brother Partridge Family: the Jacksons are generously gifted all round. But it is clear to everyone, especial-



A junior edition focuses on the original

ly the fans, that Michael is the main attraction. As a result, Michael inevitably took the brunt of the considerable grievances being voiced about the tour.

There was great and justifiable griping about the ticket sales: under a single-price policy, \$30 was the going rate for the best seat in the house as well as the worst (seat location was to be assigned by computer), and fans could buy no fewer and no more than four tickets. At \$120 a pop, that is a fair hunk out of anybody's allowance. "He must think that we're as rich as he is," said 21-year-old Jackie Colson, a lifeguard in Florida. "This is Jacksonville. This ain't Hollywood." The promoter tried to get local papers to run ads containing mail-order ticket coupons gratis, as if the dailies would be performing a public service, but some journalists balked. "It absolutely reeks of arrogance," said David Easterly, publisher of the *Atlanta Constitution*. "I wonder how



HOW TO WEAR A SEAT BELT

YOU CAN BE BOTH SECURE AND COMFORTABLE IN YOUR CAR.

It's been proved over and over that seat belts at least double your chances of escaping death or serious injury in a severe accident.

But the freedom of movement allowed by the newer front seat belts has bothered some people. How can the seat belt hold you securely if it appears to have almost no tension?

The fact is, the shoulder belt is designed to restrict your movement only in an emergency. In normal situations, you can lean forward or to the side with little pressure from the shoulder belt.

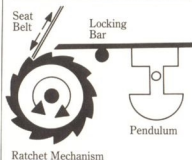
In an emergency, the belts lock up to hold you in place. The inertial reel makes this possible. That's a mechanism as simple and reliable as gravity (as you can see in the accompanying diagram). Inertial reels have been used since the 1974 model year for the shoulder belt in many GM cars. They allow you complete freedom of movement in normal driving. You can turn easily to check traffic or reach to the glove compartment.

Adjusting your shoulder and lap belt. Even the slight tension you feel from the inertial reel is adjustable so there is almost no pressure. Pull the shoulder belt far enough away from you so that, when you let it go, it comes back flat against your chest. Then pull down slightly on the shoulder portion, about one inch, and let it go again.

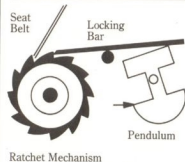
Safety experts suggest allowing no more slack on the shoulder

belt than absolutely necessary for comfort. Lap belts should be adjusted snugly as low on your hipbones as possible—not higher where they might damage internal organs in a crash.

How the inertial reel works.
Your shoulder belt is designed to allow freedom under normal conditions, but to lock automatically and restrain you in a collision.



Under normal conditions, the pendulum and locking bar are in their rest positions. The reel which holds the seat belt is free to rotate. As you lean against it, the belt unreeles.



In emergencies, such as a collision from any direction, the pendulum tilts, forcing the locking bar to engage the ratchet. The reel locks and the seat belt restrains you.

In a collision, lap/shoulder belts, worn properly, distribute the force across the large, strong bones of your hips and torso. Perhaps most important, belts help keep you from being thrown out of the vehicle in an accident.

What if you are pregnant? The American Association for Automotive Medicine says the dangers of being unbelted in a collision during pregnancy are far greater than the slight chance of injury caused by wearing the belts.

Other advantages of belts. By holding you in a proper driving position, the lap belt provides a feeling of control, keeping you in place on rough or curved roads or in an emergency maneuver. Some people even find that the added support makes driving easier on their backs.

Next time you drive, please take a moment to buckle up. Remember, the seat belt is an effective system to help protect you, and it's already part of your car. Why not think of it as your "Life Belt" and use it.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.



Chevrolet • Pontiac
Oldsmobile • Buick
Cadillac • GMC Truck

Show Business

much the guy and the people around him think of his fans." One eleven-year-old fan, Ladonna Jones of Dallas, dashed off a letter to Michael that she passed along to the Dallas *Morning News*: "How could you, of all people, be so selfish?"

"He." "The guy." "You." No one thought to call out Tito, or dress down Marlon, never mind get heavy with the promoters. Michael, for all his fans and for most of the public at large, is the centerpiece of the tour, so last week he took center stage at a brief press conference in Kansas City. Dressed in spangled glove, dark shades, sequined band jacket and one of the red ceremonial sashes that make him look like a cultural ambassador from Sesame Street, he announced in a voice frayed by nerves that he had seen Ladonna Jones' letter. Therefore, he was asking the promoters to figure out another, fairer way to sell tickets, and he was donating his tour earnings to charity. He took no questions from the floor, just hot-footed it out of the place and back, properly, to where he belonged, waiting for the sheltering security of performing onstage.

Michael seemed very much discomfited by the necessity of making such an appearance and such a statement: a funkified Ariel flushed for a moment from the enchanted woods to say a few words that might bring the magic back again. There was a basic misunderstanding here that Michael must have appreciated but that got past most of the others assembled. If it is to be found anywhere, the magic is in the music. The opening concert was a reminder of that. All its panoply and pizzazz suggested that the debates, the controversy, the heat and the misunderstandings were side issues that could be blown away by solid showmanship, no matter the price of the ticket.

Michael's brothers have a lot on the line as well. Jermaine—often Michael's ally when family business comes up for a vote—has carved out a solid solo career for himself, but for all the others, this tour probably represents their best shot at the big glory. Each of the six brothers stands to make millions by the time the tour is scheduled to end in November. (Jackie, suffering from a knee injury and sidelined from the tour, will nevertheless have a share of the revenues.)

There is also *Victory*, the Jacksons' spanking-new album, a stereophonic silver lining in search of and, indeed, in need of, a few stray clouds. Earnest, upbeat and insistently optimistic, *Victory* was shipped out by Epic Records in almost unprecedented numbers (2 million copies hit American record retail outlets last week). The first single, *State of Shock*, a politely raunchy dance number in which Michael can be heard dueting with Jackson-for-a-



At his press conference, Michael pledges his earnings to charity

day Mick Jagger, is doing nicely. But this is very much an album in need of what the record business calls tour support. The most interesting song—or the most curious, at any rate—is *Be Not Always*, a ballad written and performed by Michael with injections of mournful strings. A sort of nonspecific cry of pain against both personal cruelty and international aggression, the song seems intended as a rejoinder to those who think Michael makes mostly good-time make-out music. As such, it stands in marked contrast to the rest of *Victory*, whose final cut, *Body* (written and performed by Marlon), is the ideal anthem for horny aerobizers, with its chorus of "I want your body, I love your body, I need your body" repeated like a liturgy for ligaments.

The concert features not a single song from *Victory*. One might deduce from this that even the Jacksons recognize the flimsiness of much of the new material. Such an assumption is arguable—many bands like to wait until records are more familiar to an audience before performing songs from them live—but it would also reflect the sort of narrow spirit that got the tour into such hot water with the pub-



Cover of the Jacksons' new LP *Victory*
Silver linings in need of clouds.

lic in the first place. Yes, \$30 was too much for a rafter seat so high in the stadium that you could be buzzed by low-flying aircraft; and yes, the four-ticket minimum-maximum and the computer-sorted coupons were painfully unwieldy. But they were a plausible means of attempting to cut out scalpers. "We were trying to protect our fans," insists Marlon. Says Randy: "We wanted to have everybody have a fair chance—to see the show without paying hundreds of dollars a ticket to scalpers."

There were other charges in the press: that the promoters will make big bucks on interest from unfilled ticket orders before the money is finally returned (Tour Promoter Chuck Sullivan, chairman of the Manhattan-based Stadium Management Corp., insists the interest will not even cover the cost of processing them); that Sullivan is trying to get stadiums rent-free (in fact he is paying for some, and in any case local promoters stand to profit from a cut of concessions and parking).

The media yelping seemed pretty tame, at times, compared with the backbiting among some Jackson advisers. One even suggested last week that it was Paterfamilias Joe Jackson's "black-music-business voodoo" that made a large advance from the promoter such a stumbling block and could even have kept his sons from earning still more on box-office percentages. Says the source: "Joe's philosophy is, 'My boys are the biggest, and they get their money up front.'" As a result of all this, in two of the first three cities on the tour, the money has been a little slow in coming. Ticket sales were sluggish in Dallas until the shows finally sold out July 3; as of the past Friday there were lots of ticket coupons at the Spec's Music stores in Miami waiting to be filled out and sent in. (The new system for buying tickets will be determined by local stadium owners. It will go into effect, at the latest, by the time tickets for the early-August New York City engagement go on sale.) Sullivan also confirmed concert dates in ten additional cities, including Detroit, Los Angeles and Philadelphia. Ticket sales there, as well as the commercial longevity of *Victory*, will determine whether the public has turned its back on the Jacksons or whether Michael, with the help of some fast business footwork and some dazzling family showmanship, has managed to turn them around again.

There is still a lot of money on the table, but after Kansas City all bets have been settled. That was not summer thunder in the air over Arrowhead Stadium. It was the unmistakable sound of the Jacksons hitting the jackpot, all to the strains—yes, Michael sings them both—of *Billie Jean* and *Beat It*. —By Jay Cocks.
Reported by Denise Worrell/Kansas City

Books

Job Hunting in the Eternal City

THE ONLY PROBLEM by Muriel Spark; Putnam; 179 pages; \$14.95

In his classic analysis of biblical narrative, *The Great Code*, Critic Northrop Frye finds that the *Book of Job* is "classified among the tragedies, but it is technically a comedy by virtue of its 'happy ending,' with Job restored to prosperity."

Muriel Spark's 17th novel is informed with that perception. Her central character is a pained, Job-like figure regarded in a comic light, as if, between losses, he is playing God's fool. It is a difficult role. Harvey Gotham is a wealthy scholar-dilettante who retires to rural France in his mid-30s. There he occupies himself with a monograph on the riddle of universal suffering: If the Lord is beneficent, why does his earth contain so much misery? On the bestseller list that conundrum is called *When Bad Things Happen to Good People*. Here it is entitled *The Only Problem*.

Harvey endlessly wrestles with that problem, but he has retreated so far from the world that he no longer understands the sources and sorrows of the human condition. He is soon reminded. One morning the police arrive with unsettling news. Harvey originally abandoned his wife Effie because she was not merely unfaithful (he now has custody of her child Clara by a lover); she was also a kleptomaniac specializing in chocolate. Since then her crimes have escalated. She is now a member of the Front for the Liberation of Europe, a violent terrorist gang. The ingenious Harvey is abruptly surrounded by lawyers and well-wishers who compound his confusion and television reporters who increase his distress. They are, of course, the modern equivalents of Job's comforters and plagues.

Spark once wrote, half whimsically, that in the *Book of Job* "there are points of characterization and philosophy on which I think I could improve." Her alterations chiefly consist of attempts at clever explanation. Job's suffering "became a habit," theorizes Harvey. "He not only argued the problem of suffering, he suffered the problem of argument. And that is incurable." As for the comforters, at least they "kept him company. And they took turns as analyst. Job was like the patient on the couch." But, Harvey

concludes, the *Book of Job* teaches us "the futility of friendship in times of trouble. . . Friends mean well, or make as if they do. But friendship itself is made for happiness."

The problem of *The Problem* lies in these twinkling asides. They not only provide the book's entertainment, they constitute its substance. The restoration of Harvey's fortunes, his adoption of Clara,

Excerpt

“Quiet!” bawled Harvey. “Either you listen to me in silence or you all go. Job’s problem, as I was saying, was partly a lack of knowledge. Everybody talked but nobody told him anything about the reason for his sufferings. Not even God when he appeared. Our limitations of knowledge make us puzzle over the cause of suffering, maybe it is the cause of suffering itself. Quiet, over there! The baby’s asleep. And I said, no photographs at present. As I say, we are plonked here in the world and nobody but our own kind can tell us anything. It isn’t enough. As for the rest, God doesn’t tell. No, I’ve already told you that I don’t know where my wife is. How the *Book of Job* got into the holy scriptures I really do not know. That’s the greatest mystery of all.”

Muriel Spark: "I want to see how many skins I can get into"



his new romance and the completion of the monograph are rushed onstage in the final scenes, as if to emphasize the ironic conclusion: Job's "tragedy was that of the happy ending." That sort of throwaway irony seems worthier of an Oscar Wilde epigram than a meditation on a profound theme. The *Book of Job* has haunted writings as disparate as Mark Twain's novel *The Mysterious Stranger*, Robert Frost's verse drama *A Masque of Reason* and Archibald MacLeish's play *J.B.* It requires more than bursts of wit and flashes of illumination.

Even so, it must be admitted that the wit is acute and the flashes are brilliant.

Spark is one of the few contemporary novelists who are capable of confronting moral dilemmas without abandoning humor or salinity. And her sketches often supply more information than another writer's full-length portraits. An American journalist inquiring about terrorism speaks like a machine gun; Harvey's aunt is "large-built, with a masculine, military face; gray eyes which generally conveyed a warning." Yet when she discusses the meaning of grief, Spark suddenly

seems to shrug away significantly as if it had no place in a meta-physical comedy: "Scholars try to rationalize *Job* by rearranging the verses . . . but it doesn't make it come clear. The *Book of Job* will never come clear. It doesn't matter; it's a poem."

Spark has obviously built her latest work upon this belief. She has ornamented it with her specialties: elliptical dialogue and scenes with the thinness and tensile strength of piano wire. But in 179 pages she hardly has room for systematic thought, or even to work out the implications of her plot. *The Only Problem* thus remains a suite of intelligent but lightweight sketches that aim at meaning and end as diversion. Given Spark's interpretation of the text, readers cannot be blamed for following her own line of reasoning: Spark will never come clear. It doesn't matter; it's a novel.

She once regarded novels, recalls Muriel Spark, 66, as "an inferior way of writing." She took that way when a friend told Graham Greene that the young poet and short-story writer needed a patron. He admired her stories and sent a wire applying for the job. When Spark's first novel, *The Comforters*, was published in 1957, another vo-

tary appeared. "Complicated, subtle and . . . highly exhilarating," announced the curmudgeon Evelyn Waugh, and a distinguished career began.

By that time, Spark had moved to South Africa, married and divorced. The slight, birdlike figure began to migrate, first to England and later to Rome. "Depression is the enemy," she decided, and to combat periods of despair she began to turn out a book almost every year.

Although the Spark oeuvre is filled with well-plotted works, like *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, about a headstrong schoolmarm, or *The Mandelbaum Gate*, set in Jerusalem, almost all of her novels have an improvisatory quality, as if the cast were making up some of the story themselves. It is no accident. Spark often begins with little more than a title and a theme. "I don't start out by organizing a whole book," she says, "because so much depends on the characters, and I don't get to know them until things move along." Once a chapter is written out in longhand, it is typed by her friend, Sculptor Penelope Jardine, 51. Spark rarely revises her work, even if the book begins to develop in unexpected ways. She usually stays in one place until the novel is well under way, then shuttles between an apartment in Rome, Jardine's Tuscan farmhouse and two-month tours of Europe in an Alfa Romeo.

It is often during those trips that Spark mulls over her next work, in this case a related group of short stories, each narrated by a different personality: "I want to see how many skins I can get into." Most of her novels spring to life immediately; *The Only Problem* is an exception. The daughter of a Scottish Jew and an Anglican mother, Spark had always pondered various answers to questions of evil. When she co-edited a collection of letters by that most famous British convert to Roman Catholicism, John Henry Cardinal Newman, she recalls, "I got in a position where I couldn't not believe."

Even so, her new faith could not satisfactorily explain the "mysterious, theological and literary" *Book of Job*. She began a book about the biblical figure, then abandoned it. Almost 30 years passed before Spark could confront the subject again. Even now she cannot wholly accept the doctrines of her church. She attends Mass regularly in Rome, but always arrives after the sermons have been delivered because "I can't stand third-rate productions." Moreover, she believes, "if Christ suffered for the whole world, then we should be finished suffering." And yet, like so many of her characters, she manages to find some virtue in misery. "Everything is painful," says the graceful woman with the wounded eyes. "Thought is painful. Being born is painful." Then the corners of the wide mouth turn up. "And we can turn this pain into pleasure—because, after all, it is interesting."

—By Stefan Kanfer

Reported by Roberto Suro/Rome



Jayne Anne Phillips

Lives in the Flow

MACHINE DREAMS

by Jayne Anne Phillips

Dutton; 331 pages; \$16.95

A novelist can describe time's flow past a few bends in the river, nothing more. And nothing less: seen well, the currents and eddies that quicken, disappear and roil to the surface again during two generations of an ordinary family's journey are astonishing and mysterious. Fat-legged baby becomes child, becomes maiden, becomes mother, becomes crone. Which is real? Blink twice; the young hell raiser reappears as the sour pensioner. Which is illusion, hot sexuality or bitter recollection?

Jayne Anne Phillips' wondering, musing first novel raises such questions without ever explicitly stating them, in a way that suggests another fine family portrait, last year's *During the Reign of the Queen of Persia* by Joan Chase. In a manner that seems simple and straightforward, though its workings are intricate enough, the author sketches the histories of four people in Bellington, a town she places in West Virginia. They are Mitch Hampson, born in 1910, a soldier, heavy-equipment operator, scrambling businessman; his wife Jean, born in the mid-'20s, deeper and more complex than Mitch; and their daughter Danner and son Billy, born in 1949 and 1950. Nothing extraordinary happens to any of them. Jean and Mitch hold their not very companionable marriage together until the children are grown, then get divorced. Danner becomes a pretty, tense, scholarly young woman. Billy is open and decent, on the way to becoming a steady, useful man. He is drafted and sent to Viet Nam, and Danner and their parents stay home and worry.

So goes this plain tale. The fascination is in the telling. Jean, Mitch and their children present their first-person

stories alternately, and the hastening tumble of years can be read in the chapter headings: "War Letters: Mitch, 1942-45," "Anniversary Song: Jean, 1948," "War Letters: Billy, 1970." "All those winters the family stayed put, just ate food they'd dried or put up in pantries, and venison the old man shot. They kept one path shoveled through the snow to the barn, and the walls of the path were as high as a man's shoulders. I know all this because I heard about it, growing up," says Mitch of his early childhood. "I was too small to remember, really. Just a few things." This is a simple man remembering simple things, and the author is convincing, speaking in a male voice. But the chapters are not merely testimony; the writer's own narration takes over, and memory and present time wash in and out. Now and then—always sparingly, and never with the self-indulgence common to word-drunk young novelists—the images thicken to a rich impressionism. Danner, at seven, falling asleep and hearing the half-understood noises of her parents' lovemaking, fantasizes about horses that "are dark like blood and gleam with a black sheen; the animals swim hard in the air to get higher, and Danner aches to stay with them . . . In the dream it is the horse pressed against her, the rhythmic pumping of the forelegs as the animal climbs, the lather and the smell; the smell that comes in waves and pounds inside her like a pulse."

The reader is never abandoned in such flights. Phillips (author of *Black Tickets*, a much praised volume of short stories) expresses herself in all four voices with clarity and grace: these lives matter, and this is why they matter. It is a statement that authors and their audiences once took for granted—otherwise, why write or read?—but one that few novelists now at work have managed to make so persuasively.

—By John Skow

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. "... And Ladies of the Club," *Santmyr* (5 last week)
2. Full Circle, *Steel* (3)
3. The Walking Drum, *L'Amour* (1)
4. Lincoln, *Vidal* (4)
5. The Aquitaine Progression, *Ludlum* (2)
6. Deep Six, *Cussler* (7)
7. The Haj, *Uris* (6)
8. Heretics of Dune, *Herbert* (8)
9. Book Without a Name, *Williams* (9)
10. The Wheel of Fortune, *Howatch*

NONFICTION

1. Eat to Win, *Haas* (2)
2. Wired, *Woodward* (1)
3. In God's Name, *Yallop* (8)
4. The Kennedys, *Collier* and *Horowitz* (6)
5. Nothing Down, *Allen* (4)
6. The Nightmare Years, *Shriver* (3)
7. Go For It, *Kassler*
8. Powerplay, *Cunningham* (10)
9. Getting Up and Down, *Watson* (9)
10. Good Morning, Merry Sunshine, *Greene* (5)

Compiled by TME from more than 1,000 participating bookstores.

ROAD TEST



Can you make the grade on this trucking test?

Which exerts more weight per square inch?



- A loaded 18-wheel tractor—semi-trailer combination
- A 115-pound woman wearing high heel shoes

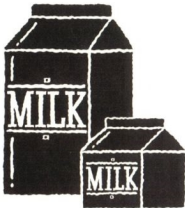
They both exert about 65 pounds pressure per square inch. The truck spreads its weight on some 53 square inches on each of its 18 wheels, while the lady with the high heels

concentrates the 65 pounds into one square inch at point of impact. This example illustrates the "spread the load" concept which governs truck weight regulation in the United States.

What percentage of raw milk do trucks haul?

- 9%
- 20%
- 68%
- 100%

Trucks transport virtually all raw milk from farm to processing dairy. The very same day that milk is delivered, it's processed into milk products, which trucks also deliver.



How many people are employed by the trucking industry?

- 7,000,000
- 850,000
- 2,000,000

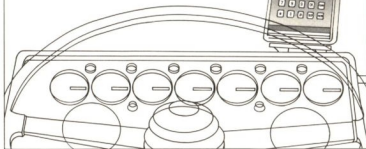


The American trucking industry employs 7,000,000 people: drivers to warehousemen, mechanics, computer operators and systems analysts, dispatchers, dock workers, salesmen, rate clerks, terminal foremen, service managers, claims clerks, safety directors, accountants and upper management.

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- Driver performance
- Average miles per hour
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The American Trucking Associations Foundation, Inc.
1616 P St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036



The Empress (Tami Stronach) meets her shy subject (Barret Oliver) in *The Neverending Story*



A two-faced woman at the court of *Fantasia*

Cinema

Nice Movies for Nice Children

But their nonviolent pleasures may be for adults only

July 4, 1984

Dear Mom and Dad,

Well, here I am at Camp Cinemuck. It's everything you promised me, and worse. I guess you figured that a place that calls itself "the summer home away from home for movie-mad children" would be perfect for a precocious kid who was never far from the popcorn stand or the VCR or the *Late Show*. So did I. But I was wrong. This place is like school, only with trees. The first thing, I come in and they hand me a bunch of old books about dead movie stars. "You got to brush up on your nostalgia," they say. "What nostalgia?" I say. "I'm twelve years old!"

The idea is, they want to bring back the old days and the innocence of old movies. You know, when a kid's biggest worry was acne, not herpes. They say our poor tender souls are getting hurt by all these violent PG movies with evil gremlins and voodoo heart transplants and dirty words and bare skin. And they love this new PG-13 rating that'll supposedly keep kids like me out of pictures like those. Heck, Mom, you know I don't take that stuff seriously. I just go to prescreen the movies and tell you if I think you'd find them disturbing. And if they won't let me in, I'll go around the corner and rent the movie on videocassette.

But these counselors, they just won't give up. This week they took us on a field trip to see a couple of "nonviolent" movies for kids. This one picture, Wolfgang Petersen's *The Neverending Story*, it's more like a movie for wimps. Here's this ten-year-old called Bastian, played by Barret

Oliver, who's so weak he can't even screw the lid off a Welch's grape-jelly jar. Three bullies from school beat him up and make him jump in a trash bin. A total loser. Then he goes up into the school attic and starts reading this book, and it sort of pulls him into the Land of Fantasia. I mean, he's the one who controls the gate of the people in the book. And they are really weird people too. There's a flying dragon and a two-faced woman and figures like the chessmen you have in the den, Dad, and a handsome boy warrior and a wise little ballerina Empress of Fantasia. Noah Hathaway and Tami Stronach make a cute couple as these last two—sort of the preteen Arnold Schwarzenegger and Grace Kelly.

A lot of it's real pretty, the colors and creatures and all, but these days, you



Froggy goes acourtin' Miss Piggy

know, every movie is pretty pretty. I guess the only thing that kept me glued to my seat was the gum somebody'd stuck on the upholstery. Now get this: at the end, our little wimp learns how important it is to read books and to believe in the world of the imagination and good stuff like that. Then he flies back into real life on the dragon's back and scares those three little bullies right into the old trash bin! So what's the moral? Get literate and get revenge? That's "nonviolent"?

You'll be happy to know, Mom, there's hardly any violence in Frank Oz's *The Muppets Take Manhattan*. Well, O.K., Miss Piggy gets mugged in Central Park. And Dabney Coleman, he plays a sleazy theatrical producer, he holds a chicken hostage and drags poor Gonzo around by the beak. But mostly it's like a lullaby to Broadway. See, Kermit and the gang hit the big town with dreams of putting their musical on the Great White Way. Other people show up, like Joan Rivers and John Landis. And Brooke Shields is there too—in a grungy luncheonette where the waiter, a rat named Rizzo, comes up to her and says, "Do you believe in interspecies dating?"

It's pretty neat, and it ends with the Broadway wedding of Kermit and Piggy. The whole gang is there, Ernie and Bert and Cookie Monster, all misty-eyed. And when the minister asks, "Do you, Froggy, take this pig to be your lawfully wedded wife until you die?" the older camp counselors burst into tears. No question, this is the wedding of a generation—yours.

You'll be happy to know these two movies made me feel real elevated and responsible and all. Well, I gotta go now. Me and a few friends are sneaking out to this neat Kung Fu triple bill. And don't worry, Mom and Dad. I'll survive.

Your loving son,

Seymour

—By Richard Corliss

Press

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Sins of Celebrity Journalism

The press has become as fascinated with itself as Narcissus, but with a difference. It studies its own reflection not out of moody self-love, but with the gloomy recognition that it has lost credibility with the public. A candid new critique, written by Charles W. Bailey, a reporter and editor on the Minneapolis *Tribune* for more than 30 years, finds a welcome decline in the blatant freeload habits of the press: fewer fashion editors get their clothes wholesale, fewer sportswriters ride free on team planes. Bailey, now the Washington editor of National Public Radio, wrote his critique for the National News Council shortly before that independent watchdog group voted itself out of existence. On other potential conflicts of interest, he is a purist: "No journalist should have any personal involvements in politics or political activity beyond registering and voting; no government work at any level, paid or unpaid." With rules like these on many papers, press behavior in this and other matters is improving. Why, then, are the media mistrusted more than they used to be? Bailey finds one explanation in the conspicuous transgressions of "celebrity journalism."

This new breed, "the celebrity, the entertainer-turned-reporter, the politician-turned-columnist, the reporter who goes in and out of government," was not trained in political neutrality, as were earlier print, radio and television reporters. Many, he notes, even owe their original prominence to their political backgrounds: Jody Powell, Bill Moyers and Pierre Salinger were presidential press secretaries, and William Safire and Patrick Buchanan were Nixon speechwriters. Only Salinger and Buchanan had previously worked on newspapers. Bailey recalls the "spectacular stumble" of syndicated conservative Columnist George F. Will, who, when criticized for helping coach his friend Ronald Reagan for the 1980 debate with Jimmy Carter, said he felt exempt



Bailey: search for standards

from the rules of neutrality because he was not a "journalist." (About to become a regular commentator on ABC's *World News Tonight*, Will describes himself as "reformed.")

Bailey has sharp words for big-money journalists. Washington writers can "match their newspaper salaries by delivering one lecture a month... Should media 'stars' take fat lecture fees—while the media continually criticize members of Congress for the size and frequency of the honoraria they receive for making speeches?" Columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, Bailey points out, "sponsor a semiannual Washington seminar for businessmen, who pay several hundred dollars each to spend a day listening to high Government officials and political leaders." How obligated, Bailey asks, are Evans and Novak to officials who help them make money?

Bailey's basic attitude is that if exceptions to journalistic norms are permitted, they should be accompanied by full "disclosure—relentless, repetitive, even boring." This seems a tiny answer to a large problem. He argues that disclaimers need little space: "George Will was legislative assistant to a Republican Senator before becoming a columnist." But how often should we be told that Diane Sawyer of CBS once worked in Nixon's press office?

Bailey urges his fellow journalists to do what they can to "keep the privileged few from giving the rest of the news business a bad name." Bailey's difficulty is that he wants this other kind of journalism neater and narrower than it has any intention of becoming. In the highly competitive worlds of Washington and television, journalism commingles with, and is contaminated by, show business. The resulting mutation has standards too, but less demanding ones: it even has rules, though not many. Maybe the answer is to find it another name. Since it has stars, jaunty theme music and drama, why not call it "news theater"?

Milestones

BORN. To Nastassja Kinski, 23, sultry international film star (*The Hotel New Hampshire*, *Cat People*), and Ibrahim Moussa, 37, Egyptian-born film producer, her former agent and her live-in companion since last fall: their first child, a son; in Rome. Name: Aljosha Nakzynski. Weight: 7 lbs. 4 oz. Kinski had refused to divulge the father's name, but Moussa acknowledged his paternity last week.

REINSTATED. Vyacheslav Molotov, 94, one-time Soviet Premier and Foreign Minister under Joseph Stalin who negotiated the infamous Nazi-Soviet nonaggression pact of 1939; to membership in the Communist Party, from which he was dropped in 1962; in Moscow. Molotov was dismissed from the party five years after losing his post-Stalin leadership positions, allegedly for belonging to a group seeking the overthrow of Party Boss Nikita Khrushchev.

HOSPITALIZED. Pat Nixon, 72, wife of ex-President Richard Nixon; for a lung infection; in New York City. The former First Lady has a history of respiratory infections and suffered strokes in 1976 and 1983.

DIED. Flora Robson, 82, versatile British character actress who graced both the London and Broadway stages and scores of films; in Brighton, England. She specialized in villainesses, including Lady Macbeth, the diabolical Ellen Creed in *Ladies in Retirement* (1939), and the shoplifter in *Black Chiffon* (1949), but was also known for her portrayals of Queen Elizabeth I, most notably in the 1937 film *Fire over England*.

DIED. Raoul Salan, 85, taciturn French general who led an aborted April 1961 putsch aimed at preserving French rule in Alge-

ria, then founded and led the terrorist Secret Army Organization, which fought Algerian independence with a campaign of bombings and assassinations, including



several attempts on the life of President Charles de Gaulle; in Paris. Famous as France's most decorated soldier, Salan commanded colonial troops in Indochina in 1952 and 1953; he was named French delegate-general in Algeria when De Gaulle came to power in 1958. De Gaulle proceeded toward independence and ousted Salan, who later went underground. Captured in 1962 and sentenced to life in prison, he was pardoned by De Gaulle in 1968; his rank and pension were restored two years ago.

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